

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PARTING.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. BY MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

The Beaver Hills grow blue and dim
As the soft twilight disappears;
I cannot raise my eyes to his,
So heavily they droop with tears!
I would that I had more of pride,
Then I might hope to calmly part;
But now, I fear, he'll surely note
The hurried beating of my heart!

His parting words are full of hope,
The cheerful hope of meeting soon;
I'll try to still my quickened pulse,
And watch the rising of the moon!
How fair the valley lies to-night!
How blue the river and how still!
While martial music faint and far
Comes o'er the heights of Falcon Hill!

I know his soul is full of fire,
His bosom panting for the fray;
That on a heedless ear would fall
My pleading words to bid him stay;
And so—and so—I'll drop my head,
And smother back the little sigh
That rises to my trembling lips
At the low-whispered word good-bye.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD,
AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "EAST LYNN," "THE EARL'S HEIRESS,"
"A LIE'S SECRET," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XIX.

DR. WEST'S SANCTUM.

For some little time past, certain rumors had arisen in Deerham somewhat to the prejudice of Dr. West. Rumors of the same nature had circulated once or twice before during the progress of the last half-dozen years; but they had died away again, or been hushed up, never coming to anything tangible. For one thing, their reputed scene had not lain at the immediate spot, but at Heartburg; and distance is a great discouragement to ill-natured tattling. This fresh scandal, however, was nearer; it touched the very heart of Deerham, and people made themselves remarkably busy over it. None the less busy because its accusations were vague. Tales never lose anything in carrying, and the most outrageous things were whispered of Dr. West.

A year or two previous to this, a widow lady named Baynton with two daughters, no longer very young, had come to live at a pretty cottage in Deerham. Nothing was known of who they were, or where they came from. They appeared to be very reserved, and made no acquaintance whatever. Under these circumstances, of course their history was supplied for them. If you or I went and established ourselves in a fresh

place to-morrow, saying nothing of who we were, or what we were, it would only be the signal for some busy-body in that place to coin a story for us, and all the rest of the busy-bodies would immediately circulate it. It was said of Mrs. Baynton that she had been left in reduced means; had fallen from some high pedestal of wealth, through the death of her husband; that she lived in a perpetual state of mortification in consequence of her present poverty, and would not admit a single inhabitant of Deerham within her doors to witness it. It may have had as much truth in it as the greatest canard that ever flew; but Deerham promulgated it, Deerham believed in it, and the Bayntons never contradicted it. The best of all reasons, for this, may have been, that they never heard of it. They lived quietly on alone, interfering with nobody, and going out rarely. In appearance and manners they were gentlemenwomen, and rather haughty gentlemenwomen, too; but they kept no servant. How their work was done, Deerham could not conceive: it was next to impossible to fancy one of those ladies scrubbing a floor or making a bed. The butcher called for orders, and took in the meat, which was nearly always mutton-chops; the baker left his bread at the door, and the laundress was admitted inside the passage once a week.

The only other person admitted inside, was Dr. West. He had been called in, on their first arrival, to the invalid daughter—a delicate-looking lady who, when she did walk out, leaned on her sister's arm. Dr. West's visits grew frequent; they had continued frequently up to within a short period of the present time. Once or twice a week he called in, professionally; he would occasionally drop in for an hour in the evening. Some passers-by Chalk Cottage (it was what it was named) had contrived to stretch their necks over the high privet hedge which hid the lower part of the dwelling from the road, and were immensely gratified by the fact of seeing Dr. West in the parlor, seated at tea with the family. How the doctor was questioned, especially in the earlier period of their residence, he alone could tell. Who were they? Were they well connected, or ill connected, or not connected at all? Were they known to fashion? How much was really their income? What was the matter with the one whom he attended, the sickly daughter, and what was her name? The questions would have gone on till now, but that the doctor stopped them. He had not made impertinent inquiries himself, he said, and had nothing at all to tell. The younger lady's complaint arose from disordered liver; he had no objection to tell them that she had been so long a sufferer from it that the malady had become chronic. And her name was Kitty.

Now, it was touching this very family that the scandal had arisen. How it arose, was the puzzle: since the ladies themselves never spoke to anybody, and Dr. West would not be likely to invent or to spread stories affecting himself. Its precise nature was buried in uncertainty, also its precise object: some said one thing, some another. The scandal, on the whole, tended to the point that Dr. West had misbehaved himself. In what way? What had he done? Had he personally ill-treated them—sworn at them—done anything else unbecoming a gentleman? And which had been the sufferer? The old lady in her widow's cap? or the sickly daughter? or the other one? Could he have carelessly supplied wrong medicine; sent to them some arsenic instead of Sels d'Epson; and so thrown them into fright, and danger, and anger? Had he scaled the privet hedge in the night, and robbed the garden of its cabiages? What, in short, was it that he had done? Deerham spoke out pretty broadly, as to the main facts, although the rumored details were varied and obscure. It declared that some of Dr. West's doings at Chalk Cottage had not been orthodox, and that discovery had superseded.

There are two classes of professional men upon whom not a taint should rest; who ought, in familiar phrase, to keep their hands clean: the parson of the parish, and the family doctor. Other people may dye themselves in Warren's jet, if they like; but let as much as a spot get on him who stands in the pulpit to preach to us, or on him who is admitted to familiar intercourse with our wives and children, and the spot grows into a dark thunder cloud. What's the old saying? "One man may walk in at the gate, while another must not look over the hedge." It runs something after that fashion. Had Dr. West not been a family doctor, the scandal might have been allowed to die out: as it was, Deerham kept up the ball, and rolled it. One chief motive, in this, may have influenced Deerham above all other motives: unsatisfied curiosity. Could Deerham have gratified this to the full, it had been content to subside into quietness.

Whether it was true, or whether it was false, there was no denying that it had happened at an unfortunate moment for Dr. West. A man always in debt—and what he did with his money Deerham could not make out, for his practice was a lucrative one—he



WESTOVER, NEAR HARRISON'S LANDING, LATE HEADQUARTERS OF GEN. FITZJOHN PORTER.

The above, engraved expressly for THE POST, from a picture in "Frank Leslie," represents Gen. Fitzjohn Porter's recent Head Quarters on the James River.

had latterly become actually embarrassed. Deerham was good-natured enough to say that a handsome sum had found its way to Chalk Cottage, in the shape of silence money, or something of the sort; but Deerham did not know. Dr. West was at his wits' end where to turn for a shilling—had been so, for some weeks past; so that he had no particular need of anything worse coming down upon him. Perhaps, what gave a greater color to the scandal than anything else, was the fact, that, simultaneously with its rise, Dr. West's visit to Chalk Cottage had suddenly ceased.

Only one had been bold enough to speak upon the subject personally to Dr. West. And that was the proud old baronet, Sir Rufus Hantley. He rode down to the doctor's house one day; and, leaving his horse with his groom, had a private interview with the doctor. That Dr. West must have contrived to satisfy him in some way, was undoubted. Rigidly severe and honorable, Sir Rufus would no more have countenanced wrong doing, than he would have admitted Dr. West again to his house, whether as doctor or as anything else, had he been guilty of it. But when Sir Rufus went away, Dr. West attended him to the door, and they parted cordially, Sir Rufus saying something to the effect that he was glad his visit had dispelled the doubt arising from these unpleasant rumors, and he would recommend Dr. West to inquire into their source, with a view of bringing their authors to punishment. Dr. West replied that he should make it his business to do so. Dr. West, however, did nothing of the sort: or if he did do it, it was in strict privacy.

Jan sat one day astride on the counter in his frequent abiding place, the surgery. Jan had got a brass vessel before him, and was mixing certain powders in it, preparatory to some experiment in chemistry, Master Cheese performing the part of looker on, his elbows as usual, on the counter.

"I say, we had such a start here this morning," began young Cheese, as if the recollection had suddenly occurred to him. "It was while you had gone your round."

"What start was that?" asked Jan.

"Some fellow came here, and—I say, Jan," broke off young Cheese, "did you ever know that room had got a second entrance to it?"

He pointed to the door of the back room—a room which was used exclusively by Dr. West. He had been known to see patients there on rare occasions, but neither Jan nor young Cheese was ever admitted into it. It opened with a latch-key only.

"There is another door leading into it from the garden," replied Jan. "It's never opened. It has got all those lean-to boards piled against it."

"Is it never opened, then?" retorted Master Cheese. "You just hear. A fellow came poking his nose into the premises this morning, staring up at the house, staring round about him, and at last he walks in here. A queer looking fellow he was, with a beard, and appeared as if he had come a thousand miles or two, on foot. 'Is Dr. West at home?' he asked. I told him the doctor was not at home: for you see, Jan, it wasn't ten minutes since the doctor had gone out. So he said he'd wait. And he went peering about and handling the bottles, and once he took the scales up, as if he'd like to test their weight. I kept my eye on him; I thought a queer fellow, like that, might be going to walk off with some physic, like Miss Amilly

walks off the castor oil. Presently he comes to that door. 'Where does this lead to?' he said. 'A private room,' said I, 'and please to keep your hands off it.' Not he. He lays hold of the false knob, and shakes it, and turns it, and pushes the door, trying to open it. It was fast. Old West had come out of there before going out; and, catch him ever leaving that door open! I say, Jan, one would think he kept skeletons there."

"Is that all?" asked Jan, alluding to the story.

"Wait a bit. The fellow put his big fist upon the latch key-hole—I think he must have been a feller of trees, I do—and his knee to the door, and he burst it open—burst it open, Jan! you never saw such strength."

"I could burst any door open that I had a mind to," was the response of Jan.

"He burst it open," continued young Cheese, "and burst it against old West. You should have seen 'em stare! They both stared. I started. I think the chap did not mean to do it; that he was only trying his strength for pastime. But now, Jan, the odd part of the business is, how did West get in? If there's not another door, he must have got down the chimney."

Jan went on with his compounding, and made no response.

"And if there is a door, he must have been mortally over it," resumed the young gentleman. "He must have gone right out from here, and in at the side gate of the garden, and got in that way. I wonder what he did it for?"

"It isn't any business of ours," said Jan.

"Then I think it is," retorted Master Cheese. "I'd like to know how many times he has been in there, listening to us, when we thought him a mile off. It's a shame!"

"It's nothing to me who listens," said Jan, equably. "I don't say things behind people's backs, that I'd not say before their faces."

"I do," acknowledged young Cheese.—"Wasn't there a row? Didn't he and the man go on at each other? They shut themselves up in that room, and had it out."

"What did the man want?" asked Jan.

"I'd like to know. He and old West had it out together, I say, but they didn't admit me to the conference. Goodness knows where he had come from. West seemed to know him. Jan, I heard something about him and the Chalk Cottage folks yesterday."

"You had better take yourself to a safe distance," advised Jan. "If this goes off with a bang, your face will come in for the benefit."

"I say, though, it's you that must take care and not let it go off," returned Master Cheese, edging nevertheless a little away. "But about that room? If old West—"

The words were interrupted. The door of the room in question was pushed open, and Dr. West came out of it. Had Master Cheese witnessed the arrival of an inhabitant from the other world, introduced by the most privileged medium extant, he could not have experienced more intense astonishment. He had truly believed, as he had just expressed it, that Dr. West was at that moment a good mile away.

"Put your hat on, Cheese," said Dr. West. Cheese put it on. Going into a perspiration at the same time. He thought nothing less but that he was about to be dismissed.

"Take this note up to Sir Rufus Hantley's."

It was a great relief, and Master Cheese

took the note in his hand, and went off whistling.

"Step in here, Mr. Jan," said the doctor. Jan took one of his long legs over the counter, jumped off, and stepped in: into the doctor's sanctum. Had Jan been given to speculation, he might have wondered what was coming; but it was Jan's mode to take things cool and easy, as they came, and not anticipate them.

"My health has been bad of late," began the doctor.

"Law!" cried Jan. "What has been the matter?"

"A general derangement of the system altogether, I fancy," returned Dr. West. "I believe that the best thing to restore me will be change of scene—travelling; and an opportunity to embrace it has presented itself. I am solicited by an old friend of mine in practice in London, to take charge of a nobleman's son for some months; to go abroad with him."

"Is he ill?" asked literal Jan. To whom it never occurred to ask whether Dr. West had first of all applied to his old friend to seek after such a place for him.

"His health is delicate, both mentally and bodily," replied Dr. West. "I should like to undertake it; the chief difficulty is, the leaving you here alone."

"I dare say I can do it all," said Jan. "My legs get over the ground quick. I can take to your horse."

"If you find you cannot do it, you might engage an assistant," suggested Dr. West.

"So I might," said Jan.

"I shouldn't see no difficulty at all in the matter, if you were my partner. It would be the same as leaving myself, and the patients could not grumble. But, it is not altogether the thing to leave only an assistant, as you are, Mr. Jan."

"Make me your partner, if you like," said cool Jan. "I don't mind. What'll it cost?"

"Ah, Mr. Jan, it will cost more than you have got. At least, it ought to cost it."

"I have got five hundred pounds," said Jan. "I wanted Lionel to have it, but he won't. Is that of any use?"

Dr. West coughed.

"Well, under the circumstances—But it is very little! I am sure you must know that it is. Perhaps, Mr. Jan, we can come to some arrangement by which I take the larger share for the present. Say that, for this year, you forward me—"

"Why, how long do you mean to be away?" interrupted Jan.

"I can't say. One year, two years, three years—it may be even more than that. I expect this will be a long and a lucrative engagement. Suppose, I say, that for the first year you transmit to me the one-half of the net profits, and, beyond that, hand over to Deborah a certain sum, as shall be agreed upon, towards housekeeping."

"I don't mind how it is," said easy Jan. "The 'll stop here, then?"

"Of course they will. My dear Mr. Jan, everything, I hope, will go on just as it goes on now, save that I shall be absent. You and Cheese—whom I hope you'll keep in order—and the errand boy; it will all be just as it has been. As to the assistant, that will be a future consideration."

"I'd rather be without one, if I can do it," cried Jan. "And Cheese will be coming on. Am I to live with 'em?"

"With Deb and Amilly? Why not? Poor unprotected old things, what would

they do without you? And now, Mr. Jan, as that is settled so far, we will sit down, and go further into details. I know I can depend upon your not mentioning this abroad."

"If you don't want me to mention it, you can. But where's the harm?"

"It is always well to keep these little arrangements private," said the doctor. "Matias will draw up the deed, and I will take you round and introduce you as my partner. But there need not be anything said beforehand. Neither need there be anything said at all about my going away, until I actually go. You will oblige me in this, Mr. Jan."

"It's all the same to me," said accommodative Jan. "Whose will be this room, then?"

"Yours to do as you please with, of course, so long as I am away."

"I'll have a turn-up bedstead put in it and sleep here, then," quoth Jan. "When folks come in the night, and ring me up, I shall be handy. It'll be better than disturbing the house, as is the case now."

The doctor appeared struck with the proposition.

"I think it would be a very good plan, indeed," he said. "I don't fancy the room's damp."

"Not it," said Jan. "If it were damp, it wouldn't hurt me. I have no time to be ill, I haven't. Camp—Who's that?"

It was a visitor to the surgery—a patient of Dr. West's. And, for the time, the conference was broken up.

Not to be renewed until evening. Dr. West and Jan were both fully occupied all the afternoon. When business was over—as much so as a doctor's business ever can be over—Jan knocked at the door of this room, where Dr. West again was.

It was opened about an inch, and the face of the doctor appeared in the aperture, peering out to ascertain who it might be disturbing him. The same aperture which enabled him to see out, enabled Jan to see in.

"Why! what's up?" cried unceremonious Jan.

Jan might well ask it. The room contained a table, a desk or two,—some sets of drawers, and other receptacles for the custody of papers. All these were turned out, desks and drawers alike stood open, and their contents, a mass of papers, were scattered everywhere.

The doctor could not, in good manners, shut the door right in his proposed new partner's face. He opened it an inch or two more. His own face was purple; it wore a startled, perplexed look, and the drops of moisture had gathered on his forehead. That he was not in the most easy frame of mind, was evident. Jan put one foot into the room; he could not put two, unless he had stepped upon the sprawling papers.

"What's the matter?" asked Jan, perceiving the signs of perturbation on the doctor's countenance.

"I have had a loss," said the doctor. "It's the most extraordinary thing, but—a paper, which was here this morning, I cannot find anywhere. I want find it!" he added in ill-suppressed agitation. "I'd rather lose everything I possess, than lose that."

"Where did you put it? Where did you have it?" cried Jan, casting his eyes around.

"I kept it in a certain drawer," replied Dr. West, too much disturbed to be anything but straightforward. "I have not had it in my hand for—oh, I cannot tell how long—months and months, until this morning. I wanted to refer to it then, and got it out. I was looking it over when a rough, ill-bred fellow burst the door open—"

"I heard of that," interrupted Jan. "Cheese told me."

"He burst the door open, and I put the paper back in its place before I spoke to him," continued Dr. West. "Half an hour ago I went to take it out again, and I found it had disappeared."

"The fellow must have walked it off," cried Jan. Not an unnatural conclusion.

"He could not," said Dr. West; "it is quite an impossibility. I went back there,—pointing to a bureau of drawers behind him—and put the paper hastily in, and locked it in, returning the keys to my pocket. The man had not stepped over the threshold of the door then, he was a little taken to, I fancy, at his having burst the door, and he stood there staring."

"Could he have got at it afterwards?" asked Jan.

"It is, I say, an impossibility. He never was within a yard or two of the bureau; and, if he had been, the place was firmly locked. That man it certainly was not. Nobody has been in the room since, save myself, and you for a few minutes to-day when I called you in. And yet the paper is gone!"

"Could anybody have come into the room by the other door?" asked Jan.

"No. It opens with a latchkey only, as this does. And the key was safe in my pocket."

"Well, this beats everything," cried Jan. "It's like the codicil at Verner's Pride."

"The very thing it put me in mind of," said Dr. West. "I'd rather—I'd rather have lost that child, than it been taken from me this, Mr. Jan."

Jan opened his eyes. Jan had a knock of opening his eyes when anything surprised him; and this was no exception. "What paper was it, then?" he cried.

"It was a prescription," Mr. Jan.

"A prescription?" repeated Jan, the answer not lessening his wonder. "That's not much. Isn't it in the book?"

"No, it is not in the book," said Dr. West. "It was too valuable to be in the book. You may look, Mr. Jan, but I mean what I say. This was a private prescription of inestimable value, a secret prescription, I may say. I would not have lost it for the whole world."

(The doctor wiped the dew from his forehead; the doctor strove manfully, to control his agitated voice to calmness. Jan could only stare. All this time about a prescription!)

"Did it contain the secret for compounding Loo's Elixir?" asked he.

"It contained what was more to me than that," said Dr. West. "But you can't help me, Mr. Jan. I would rather be left to search alone."

"I hope you'll find it yet," returned Jan, taking the hint and retreating to the surgery. "You must have overlooked it amongst some of those papers."

"I hope I shall," replied the doctor. And he shut himself up to the search, and turned over the papers. But he never found what he had lost, although he was still turning and turning them at morning light.

CHAPTER XX.

AN INTERESTING JOURNEY.

One dark morning, the beginning of November, in fact, it was the first morning of that gloomy month, Jan was busy in the surgery. Jan was arranging things there according to his own pleasure; for Dr. West had departed that morning early, and Jan was master of the field.

Jan had risen betimes. Never a sluggard, he had been up now for some hours, had effected so great a metamorphosis in the surgery that the doctor himself would hardly have known it again. Things in it previously never having been arranged to Jan's satisfaction. And now he was looking at his watch to see whether breakfast time was coming on, Jan's hunger reminding him that it might be acceptable. He had not yet been into the house; his bedroom now being the room you have heard of, the scene of the letter and of Dr. West's last prescription. The doctor had gone by the six o'clock train, after a cordial farewell to Jan, he had gone—as it was soon to turn out—without having previously informed his daughters. But of this Jan knew nothing.

"Twenty minutes past eight," quoth Jan, consulting his watch, a silver one, the size of a turnip. Jan had bought it when he was poor, had given about two pounds for it, second-hand. It never occurred to Jan to buy a better one while that legacy of his was lying idle. Why should he? Jan's turnip kept time to a moment, and Jan did not understand buying things for a show. "Ten minutes yet! I shall eat a double share of bacon this morning. Good morning, Miss Deb."

Miss Deb was stealing into the surgery with a scared look and a white face. Miss Deb wore her usual winter morning costume, a huge brown cape. She was of a shivery nature at the best of times, but she shivered palpably now.

"Mr. Jan, have you got a drop of ether?" asked she, her poor teeth chattering together. Jan was too good-natured to tell Deborah that those teeth were false, though Dr. West had betrayed the secret to Jan.

"Who is it for?" asked Jan. "For you? Aren't you well, Miss Deb? Eat some breakfast, that's the best thing."

"I have had a dreadful shock, Mr. Jan. I have had bad news. That is—what has been done to the surgery?" she broke off, casting her eyes around it in wonder.

"Not much," said Jan. "I have been making some odds and ends of alterations. Is the news from Australia?" he continued, the open letter in her hand helping him to the suggestion. "A mail's due."

Miss Deborah shook her head. "It is from my father, Mr. Jan. The first thing I saw, upon going into the breakfast parlour, was this note for me, propped against the vase on the mantle-piece. 'Mr. Jan,'—dropping her voice to confidence—"It says he is gone! That he is gone away for an indefinite period."

"You don't mean to say he never told you of it before?" exclaimed Jan.

"I never heard a syllable from him," cried poor Deborah. "He says you'll explain to us as much as is necessary. You can read the note. Mr. Jan, where's he gone?"

Jan ran his eyes over the note, feeling himself probably in somewhat of a dilemma, as to how much or how little it might be expected to explain.

"He thought some travelling might be beneficial to his health," said Jan. "He has got a rare good place as travelling doctor to some young chap of quality."

Miss Deborah was looking very hard at Jan. Something seemed to be on her mind, some great fear.

"He says he may not be back for ever as long to come, Mr. Jan."

"So he told me," said Jan.

"And is that the reason he took you into partnership?" Mr. Jan.

"Yes," said Jan. "Couldn't leave an assistant for an indefinite period."

"You will never be able to do it all yourself? Little thought, when all this bustle and changing of bed-rooms was going on, what was up? You might have told me, Mr. Jan," she added, in a reproachful tone.

"It wasn't my place to tell you," returned Jan. "It was the doctor's, if anybody's."

Miss Deborah looked timidly round, and then sunk her voice to a lower whisper.

"Mr. Jan, why has he gone away?"

"For his health," persisted Jan.

"They are saying—they are saying—Mr. Jan, what is that they are saying about papa and Deborah at Chalk Cottage?"

Jan told bits of the gentle and mortal, popped in a big lump of some hard looking white substance, and began pounding away at it.

"How should I know anything about the ladies at Chalk Cottage?" asked he. "I never was inside their door; I never spoke to any one of 'em."

"But you know that things are being said," urged Miss Deborah, with almost feverish eagerness. "Don't you?"

"Who told you anything was being said?" asked Jan.

"It was Master Cheese. Mr. Jan, folks have seemed queer lately. The servants have whispered together, and then have glanced at me and at Amily, and I knew there was something wrong, but I could not get at it. This morning, when I picked up this note—"

"It's not five minutes ago, Mr. Jan—in my fright and perplexity I shrieked out; and Master Cheese, he said something about Chalk Cottage."

"What did he say?" asked Jan.

Miss Deborah's pale face turned to crimson.

"I can't tell," she said. "I did not hear the words rightly. Master Cheese caught them up again. Mr. Jan, I have come to you to tell me."

"Mr. Jan, I ought to know it," she went on. "I am not a child. If you please, I must repeat you to tell me."

"What are you shivering for?" asked Jan.

"I can't help it. Is—is it anything—that—that he can be taken up for?"

"Taken up?" replied Jan, coming from his pounding, and fixing his wide-open eyes on Miss Deborah. "Can I be taken up for doing this?"

"Oh, dear, what's the matter with me this morning?" she said, her face pale as death.

"You'll tell me, please," she shivered.

"Well," said Jan, "if you must know it, the doctor had a misfortune."

"A misfortune? He? What misfortune? A misfortune at Chalk Cottage?"

Jan gravely nodded.

"And they were in an awful rage with him, and said he should pay expenses, and all that. And he wouldn't pay expenses; the chimney glass alone was twelve pounds fifteen; and there was a regular quarrel, and they turned him out."

"But what was the nature of the misfortune?"

"He set the parlor chimney on fire."

Miss Deborah's lips parted with amazement; she appeared to find some difficulty in closing them again.

"Set the parlor chimney on fire! Mr. Jan?"

"Very careless of him," continued Jan, with composure. "He had no business to carry gunpowder about with him. Of course they won't believe but he flung it in purposely."

Miss Deborah could not gather her senses. "Who won't?—the ladies at Chalk Cottage?"

"The ladies at Chalk Cottage," assented Jan. "If I saw all these bottles go tumbling through those chandeliers carrying about gunpowder in his trousers' pockets, I might go into a passion too, Miss Deb."

"But, Mr. Jan—this is not what's being said in Deborah?"

"Law, if you go by all that's said in Deborah, you'll have enough to do," cried Jan.

"One says one thing and one says another. No two are ever in the same tale. When that codicil was lost at Verner's Place, ten different people were accused by Deborah of stealing it."

"Were they?" responded Miss Deborah, abstractedly.

"Did you never hear it? You just ask Deborah about the row between the doctor and Chalk Cottage, and you'll hear ten versions, all different. What else could be expected. As if he'd take the trouble to explain the rights of it to them! Not that I should advise you to ask," concluded Jan, pointedly. "Miss Deborah, do you know the time?"

"It must be half past eight," she repeated, mechanically, her thoughts buried in a reverie.

"And turned," said Jan. "I'd be glad of breakfast. I shall have the gratis patients here."

"It shall be ready in two minutes," said Miss Deborah, meekly. And she went out of the surgery.

Presently young Cheese came leaping in to it.

"The breakfast's ready," cried he.

Jan stretched out his long arm, and pinned Master Cheese.

"What have you been saying to Miss Deb?" he asked. "Look here: who is your master now?"

"You are, I suppose," said the young gentleman.

"Very well. You just bear that in mind, and don't go carrying tales in doors of what Deborah says. Attend to your own business and leave Dr. West's alone."

Master Cheese was considerably astonished. He had never heard the like speech from any Jan.

"I say, though, are you going to turn out a doctor with those tales?" asked he.

"Yes," replied Jan. "I have promised Dr. West to keep you in order, and I shall do it."

Dr. West was not the only departure from Deborah that was projected for that day. The other was that of Lionel Verner. Fully recovered, he had deemed it well to waste no more time. Lady Verner suggested that he should remain in Deborah until the completion of the year; Lionel replied that he had remained in it rather too long already; that he must be up and doing.

He was to be "up and doing," and his first step towards it was the proceeding to London and engaging chambers. He fixed upon the first day of November for his departure, unconscious that that day had also been fixed upon by Dr. West for his. However, the doctor was off long before Lionel was out of bed.

Lionel rose, all excitement, all impetus, to begin his journey, to be away from Deborah. Somebody else rose with feelings less pleasurable; and that was Lucy Tempest. Now that the real time of separation had come, Lucy awoke to the state of her own feelings; to the fact that the whole world contained but one beloved face for her—Lionel Verner.

She awoke with no start, she saw nothing strong in it, she did not ask herself how it was to end, what the future was to be; any vision of marrying Lionel, which might have flashed across the active brain of a more sophisticated young lady, never occurred to Lucy. All she knew was, that she had some how glided into a state of existence different from anything she had ever experienced before; that her days were all its brightness, the world an Eden, and that it was the presence of Lionel that made the sunshine.

She stood before the glass, twisting her soft, brown hair, her cheeks crimson with excitement, her eyes bright. The morning would be a lifetime enough; but this, the last on which she would see him, was gay with rose hues of love. "Stay! stay! stay! That is a wrong expression; it would have been gay but for that under current of feeling, which was whispering that a short hour or two and all would change to the darkest shade."

"He says it may be a twelvemonth before he shall come home again," she said to herself, her white fingers trembling as she fastened her pretty morning dress. "How lonely it will be! What shall we do all that while without him? Oh, dear, what's the matter with me this morning?"

In her perturbed haste, she had fastened her dress all awry, and had to undo it again. The thought that she might be keeping them waiting breakfast—which was to be taken that morning a quarter of an hour earlier than usual—did not tend to expedite her; Lucy thought of the old proverb. "The more haste, the less speed."

"How I wish I dare ask him to come sooner than that to see us! But he might think it strange. I wonder he should not come! There's Christmas, there's Easter, and there's his holiday then. A whole year, perhaps more; and not to see him!"

She passed out of the room and descended, her soft skirts of pink-velvet cascading sweeping the staircase. You saw her in it the evening she first came to Lady Verner's. It had lain by almost ever since, and was now converted into a morning dress. The breakfast-room was empty. Instead of being behind her time, Lucy found she was before it. Lady Verner had not risen; she rarely did rise to breakfast; and Deborah was in Lionel's room, busy over some of his things.

Lionel himself was the next to enter. His features broke into a glad smile when he saw Lucy. A favor picture, she, Mr. Lionel Verner, then even that other vision of loveliness which your mind has been pleased to make its ideal—Sylvia!

"Down, fast, Lucy!" he cried, shaking hands with her. "You wish me somewhere, I dare say, getting you up before your time."

"By how much—a few minutes?" she answered, laughing. "It wants twenty minutes to nine. What would they have said to me at the rectory, had I come down so late as that?"

"Ah, well, you won't have me here to torment you to-morrow. I have been a trouble to you, Lucy, take it altogether. You will be glad to see my back turned."

Lucy shook her head. She looked shyly up at him in her timidity; but she answered truthfully still.

"I shall be sorry, not glad."

"Sorry? Why should you be sorry, Lucy?" and his voice innocently assumed a tone of gentleness. "You cannot have cared for me; for the companionship of a half dead fellow, like myself!"

Lucy rallied her courage.

"Perhaps it was because you were half dead that I cared for you," she answered.

"I suppose it was," mused Lionel, aloud, his thoughts cast back to the past. "I will bid you good-by, now, Lucy, while we are alone. Believe me that I part from you with regret; that I do heartily thank you for all you have been to me."

Lucy looked up at him, a yearning, regretful sort of look, and her eyelashes grew wet. Lionel had her hand in his, and was looking down at her.

"Lucy, I do think you are sorry to part with me!" he exclaimed.

"Just a little," she answered.

If you, good, grave sir, had been stooped enough to resist the up-turned face, Lionel was not. He bent his lips and left a kiss upon it.

"Keep it until we meet again," he whispered.

Jan came in while they were at breakfast. "I can't stop a minute," were his words when Deborah said why he did not sit down. "I thought I'd run up and say good-by to Lionel, but I am wanted in all directions. Mrs. Verner has sent for me, and there are the regular patients."

"Dr. West attends Mrs. Verner, Jan," said Deborah.

"He did," replied Jan. "It is to be myself now. West is gone."

"Gone?" was the universal echo. And Jan gave an explanation.

It was received in silence. The rumors affecting Dr. West had reached Deborah's Court.

"What is the matter with Mrs. Verner?" asked Lionel. "She appeared as well as usual when I quitted her last night."

"I don't know that there's anything more the matter with her than usual," returned Jan, sitting down on a side-table. "She has been going in some time for sympathy."

"Oh, Jan!" uttered Lucy.

"So she has, Miss Lucy. As Dr. West says, 'I have not attended her.'"

"Has she been told it, Jan?"

"Where's the good of telling her?" asked Jan. "She knows it fast enough. She'd not forget a meal, if she saw the st coming on before night. Tyns came round to me, just now, and said his mistress felt poorly. The Australian mail is in," continued Jan, passing to another subject.

"Is it a cold?"

Jan nodded.

"I met the postman, and I was coming out, and he told me. I suppose there'll be news from Fred and Sylvia."

After this little item of information, which added the color into Lucy's cheeks—she knew why—but which Lionel appeared to listen to impatiently, Jan got off the table:

"Good-by, Lionel," said he, holding out his hand.

"What's your hurry, Jan?" asked Lionel.

"Ask my patients," responded Jan. "I am off the first thing to Mrs. Verner, and then shall take my round. I wish you luck, Lionel."

"Thank you, Jan," said Lionel. "Nothing less than the woolpack, of course."

"My gracious!" said Lionel. "I say, Lionel, I don't count upon that. If only one in a thousand gets to the woolpack, and all the lot expect it, what an amount of heart-burning must be wasted!"

"Right, Jan. Only let me lead my circuit, and I shall deem myself lucky."

"How long will it take you before you can accomplish that?" asked Jan. "Twenty years?"

A shade crossed Lionel's countenance. That he was beginning late in life, none knew better than he. Jan bade him farewell, and departed for Verner's Place.

Lady Verner was down before Lionel went. He intended to take the quarter past ten o'clock train.

"When are we to meet again?" she asked, holding her hand in his.

"I will come home to see you soon, mother."

"Soon! I don't like the vague word," returned Lady Verner. "Why cannot you come for Christmas?"

"Christmas! I shall scarcely have gone."

"You will come, Lionel?"

"Very well, mother. As you wish it, I will."

A crimson flush—a flush of joy—rose to Lucy's countenance. Lionel happened to have glanced at her. I wonder what he thought of it?

His luggage had gone on, and he walked with a hasty step to the station. The train came in two minutes after he reached it. Lionel took his ticket and stepped into a first-class carriage.

All was ready. The whistle sounded, and the guard had one foot on his van step, when a shouting and commotion was heard. "Stop! Stop!" Lionel, like others, looked out, and beheld the long legs of his brother Jan come flying along the platform. Before Lionel had well known what was the matter, or had gathered in the hasty news, Jan had pulled him out of the carriage, and the train went shrieking on without him.

"There goes my luggage, and here am I and my ticket!" cried Lionel. "You have done a pretty thing, Jan. What do you say?"

"It's all true, Lionel. She was crying over the letters when I got there. And pretty well I have raced back to stop your journey. Of course you will not go away now. He's dead."

"I don't understand yet," gasped Lionel, feeling, however, that he did understand.

"Not understand," repeated Jan. "It's easy enough. Fred Massingbird's dead, poor fellow; he died of fever three weeks after they landed; and you are master of Verner's Place."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

If you'd be truly blest in love, Be constant as the turtle dove, To him whom Heaven has made your choice— Love and obey (at church your voice); For better take him, or for worse, For bags of gold, or empty purse, For love or hate, for peace or war, For kiss or kick, for bruise or scar; Whichever is your lot in life, Be still the good and loving wife; Always kind, sincere and free, The housewife with economy; Obliging, modest, chaste and gay; Polite and cheerful—never say; Content with little, meek with riches— And for peace's sake, don't wear the breeches!

BAD HABITS RENOUNCED.—Be not too slow in the breaking of a sinful custom; a quick, courageous resolution is better than a gradual deliberation. In such a combat, he is the bravest soldier that lays about him without fear or wit. With pleasure—fear disheartens. He that would kill Hydra had better strike off one neck than five heads; fell the tree, and the branches are soon cut off.—Quintus.

DO YOU ASK ME, where be my jewels? My jewels are my husband and his triumphs, said Phocion's wife. Do you ask me, where be my ornaments? My ornaments are my two sons, brought up in virtue and learning, said the mother of the Gracchi. Do you ask me, where be my treasures? My treasures are my friends, said Constantius, the father of Constantine.

LORD CHANCELLOR Northington suffered much from the gout; and once, after some painful waddling between the woolpack and the bar in the House of Lords, he was heard to mutter: "If I had known that these legs were one day to carry a Chancellor, I'd have taken better care of them when I was a lad."

TWO surgeons lately married sisters, so that, as was remarked at the "happy nuptials," those who had been for some time past brothers-in-law, became also, by that auspicious event, brothers-in-law as well.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1862.

RECEIVED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

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The Recent Rebel Movement.

We see a great deal in the daily papers relative to the recent rebel movement on Manassas, but Gen. Pope's official report gives a clear statement of matters up to the date at which it was written—with the exception of stating the route the rebels took to gain his rear. According to the Washington Star, the force in question is the army corps of the rebel Gen. Jackson and Stuart's independent cavalry corps. They (the infantry and artillery) marched, about 30,000 strong, from near Waterloo, on the head waters of the Rappahannock, around by White Plains, to Manassas (about 40 miles), in two days, without wagons, tents, blankets, or even knapsacks, thus leaving their baggage of every description to be transported by the wagons with the other army corps of Lee's forces following on behind them.

As we write this, the issue is still in doubt. The rebel movement is a bold, but we should think a very hazardous one; and, with equal boldness and celerity on the Union side, they should be crushed between our divisions, before Lee can make a diversion in their favor. Before we go to press we shall probably be able to inform our readers as to the result.

Since writing the above we have received the news of a second great battle at Bull Run, to which we refer the reader.

"WOMAN'S RIGHTS" IN ENGLAND.

It would appear that the doctrine of "Woman's Rights"—having been crowded out of this country in a degree by the war—is now disturbing our English friends a little. The University of London, it seems, at present has no power to receive female candidates; but, it being in contemplation to procure an amended charter, the question was brought before the Senate of the University, as to whether the power to receive female students should be applied for. Accordingly, at a meeting of the Senate, the Vice-Chancellor, (Mr. George Grote, the historian of Greece,) moved a resolution as follows:—

"That the Senate will endeavor, as far as their powers reach, to obtain a modification of the charter, rendering female students admissible to the degrees and honors of the University of London, on the same conditions of examinations as male students, but not rendering them admissible to become members of Convocation."

There voted with Mr. Grote the following members of the Senate:—Dr. Foster, Chairman of the Convocation; Mr. Robert Lowe, M.P., Vice-President of the Privy Council; Mr. Paget; Sir Edward Ryan; Dr. Roget; Mr. Senior, the well-known political economist; Lord Stanley; and Mr. Twissleton. The noes were—The Chancellor (Lord Granville); Lord Overstone; Dr. Arnold; Dr. Billing; Mr. Faraday; Dr. Gull; Mr. Jessel; Mr. Kiernan, surgeon; Mr. Osler; and Dr. Storrar.

The vote thus stood 9 ayes to 10 noes. Of the ayes five were medical men. Of course the motion was lost; but the "Woman's Rights" party certainly developed no slight degree of strength, whether the number or character of the supporters of Mr. Grote's motion be considered.

WELL PUT.

The London Daily News—commenting on Earl Russell's recent allusion to the popular enemy manifested in America towards England—says:—

"The formal intercourse of responsible governments is regulated by the maxims and usages of international law, by recognized principles of public right, not by the fluctuations of popular feeling. These maxims of public law remain as the guides of public action amidst all the various changes of opinion, and it is but a poor boast for any government to say it has not been deterred by unfriendly criticism from doing its obvious duty towards a friendly power. Besides, in this particular case Mr. Seward might well reply in the words of the Foreign Secretary's own dispatch: 'As to the course of opinion in this country, the President (the Foreign Secretary) is aware that perfect freedom of comment upon all public events is in this country the invariable practice, sanctioned by law, and approved by the universal sense of the nation.'"

Again, the News puts the case in a still stronger light as follows:—

"Recent events have, however, furnished Mr. Seward with another more pointed and direct if not more conclusive. Whatever insults may have been 'heaped on the British name' in America, no public man of character and position on the other side of the Atlantic has yet, that we know of, reviled the whole British nation in the presence of the leading representatives of the American Government, and with the hearty support of the leading organs of that Government. An English member of Parliament (Mr. Roebuck), however, has recently called the people of the Northern States 'the scum and refuse of Europe,' in the presence of the Prime Minister of England, and at a public banquet given in honor of the Prime Minister, the speaker has said the speech to the very echo."

Yes, Lord Palmerston sat still, and heard the Northern states called "the scum and refuse of Europe!"—and yet his colleagues complain of the unfriendly criticism of the American newspapers!

But we shall not take offence at the slight in question—it is too absurd. Besides, the London News has put us in too good a humor. We "guess," however, that the Rebel field merchants do not think us too vile a "scum" to skim whenever they get the opportunity. Many a million of good gold dollars have they skimmed off of us in times that are past. Remembering this fact, Seward should not make faces at those who have been, and may be again, his best customers.

THE NORTH CAROLINA ELECTION.—If the Richmond papers can be believed, the Unionism of Vance, the new Governor of North Carolina, is of rather a doubtful character, inasmuch as he is reported to have said, in his inaugural address, that the people of North Carolina must "stand by the Government until the last vestige of thralldom is driven from the soil"—meaning by "thralldom," we suppose, the rule of the Federal authorities.

AN APPROPRIATE NAME.—The Memphis correspondent of a Chicago paper, who was recently arrested for the mendacious messages he sent north relative to the ten iron gunboats received by the rebels from England, &c., is appropriately named Isham (Isham).

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

EDWIN BROTHERTON. By Theodore Winthrop, author of "Cecil Deane" and "John Brent." Ticknor & Fields, Boston. For sale by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Philadelphia.

This third and last of the posthumously published novels of Theodore Winthrop, bears unmistakable traces of the same liveliness of narrative and graphic powers of description which have so impressed the public in "Cecil Deane" and "John Brent," but bears no comparison with the real force and depth of those works. Besides the almost inevitable loss of verisimilitude incident to a story of the life of a hundred years ago, the translation from the things which an author has seen and known to those which he has read and dreamed of,—the plot is not an agreeable one, and the characters are rather sketched in outline than painted with firm, free hand. Edwin Brotherton, the descendant of a line of colonial magnates, each of whom has had in life "one office, to be the type gentleman of his time," is a delicate and evanescent, though pleasing portrait. His ill-chosen wife stands out from the canvas in her coarse and wicked beauty the more vividly by the very force of what is worst in her. Lucy, the maiden heroine, is little more than a fair shade, and Major Peter Skerritt's most prominent part is his chestnut-out mustache. The old negro, Voltaire, is perhaps the best of all the characters, though the author's stubborn determination not to allow his specimen negro to "talk Tombigbee" as he phrases it, deprives him of the pleasant individuality resulting from a peculiar dialect. It is only when Voltaire drops into "nigger lingo" that he is truly delightful.

The story is one of Revolutionary times, and buff-and-blue and scarlet uniforms flourish in its pages. Characters with whose names every one is familiar, are frequently introduced, but the description often presents them under an entirely new light. Winthrop's Washington is a jolly good fellow, who jokes with his "boys," as he calls his aides de camp, and takes repartees from them in return; "not," says the author, indignantly, "the stilted prig that modern muffs have made him." His André, on the other hand, is a coxcomb, a petit maître, a gentleman in neither heart nor manner, "a Jack of all arts and graces." A strange description of the hero-martyr for whom so many fair eyes have wept in all these years, but it may be nearer the truth than the generally received one.

In speaking of the lack of interest in this story, it is only meant to compare it with its two predecessors. It is, in spite of the falling-off alluded to, anything but commonplace. On the contrary, if we should name a fault in its style it would be that its liveliness sometimes verges on bounce and splutter. In this respect we are often reminded by it of the writings of Charles Reade.

This is, we believe, the last of the works left in the publisher's hands at the time of Winthrop's death, except the series of articles now publishing in the Atlantic Monthly under the title of "Life in the Open Air." It is no wonder that their number, and the singular circumstance of works of such merit finding no publisher during their author's life, should arouse suspicion that some anonymous writer is introducing his works under Major Winthrop's name; even though the style of authorship is so palpably the same with that of the "Seventh Regiment" article, which was the commencement of its author's literary fame. The enigmas of their production have never been explained to the public, but we presume there is really no doubt as to the identity of their author with the gallant young soldier whose untimely death has been so widely deplored.

THE POEMS OF ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH, with a Memoir by Charles Eliot Norton. Published by Ticknor & Fields, Boston; and for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

EPITAPH ON A HERMIT.

For years upon a mountain's brow
A hermit lived—"The Lord knows how!"
A robe of sackcloth he did wear,
He got his food—"The Lord knows where."
He often prayed—"The Lord knows what."
At last this holy man did die,
And left this world—"The Lord knows why."
He's buried in this gloomy den,
And he shall rise—"The Lord knows when."

The New York Herald speaks of the "talented translators" of a certain work. The Providence Journal says also:—"Is she a good reader and writer also?"

The lady patronesses of the Almack Balls, at the time when trowsers were beginning to supersede the immemorial knee-breeches, issued an edict or proclamation, which ran textually and literally thus:—"No gentleman will be admitted without breeches."

The English Government has at present in course of construction no lower than 50 iron plated ships of war of various dimensions, from 50 guns to 3; and 14 alone are of 70,000 tonnage, carrying 500 Armstrong guns! All these vessels will soon be in a fit state for launching. Independently of these 50 vessels, England has afloat nearly 1,000 ships of war.

OFFICIAL DISPATCH FROM GEN. POPE.

One Thousand Prisoners Captured.

WASHINGTON, August 29.—The following dispatch from General Pope has been received:—

MANASSAS JUNCTION, Aug. 24, 10 P. M.

To Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:—As I discovered that a large force of the enemy was turning our right towards Manassas, and that the division I had ordered to take post there, two days before, had not yet arrived there from Alexandria, I immediately broke up my camp at Warrenton Junction and Warrenton, and marched rapidly back in three columns.

I directed McDowell, with his own and Sigel's corps, and Reno's division, to march upon Centerville by the Warrenton and Alexandria pike; Reno and one division of Heintzelman to march on Greenwiche; and, with Porter's corps and Hooker's division, I marched back to Manassas Junction. McDowell was ordered to interpose between the forces of the enemy, which had passed down to Manassas through Greenwiche, and his main body, which was moving down from White Plains through Thoroughfare Gap. This was completely accomplished. Longstreet, who had passed through the gap, being driven back to the west side. The forces sent to Greenwiche were designed to support McDowell in case he met too large a force of the enemy.

The division of Hooker, marching towards Manassas, came upon the enemy near Kettle Run, on the afternoon of the 27th, and after a sharp action routed them completely, killing and wounding 300, and capturing their camp, and baggage, and many stands of arms.

This morning the command pushed rapidly to Manassas Junction, which Jackson had evacuated three hours in advance. He retreated by way of Centerville, and took the turnpike towards Warrenton.

He was met within six miles west of Centerville by McDowell and Sigel.

On the evening of the 28th, a severe fight took place, which has been terminated by the darkness.

The enemy was driven back at all points; and thus the affair ended.

Heintzelman's corps will move on him at daylight, from Centerville, and I do not see how he is to escape without heavy loss.

We have captured a thousand prisoners, many arms, and one piece of artillery.

JOHN PORT, Major-General.

PUSH NORTHWARD.

From the Grenada Appeal (a rebel paper), Aug. 15.

Every day, as well as every indication from the North, serves to impress upon us not only the importance, but the absolute necessity, of a formidable forward movement of our armies, and the repositioning of our lost ground, before the forces of the enemy shall be strengthened in overhauling power.

There is no longer any room for doubt that Lincoln will very speedily get all the troops he has called for, and to resist successfully their overrunning our country will tax the patriotism as well as the bravery and muscle of our people. The South should—nay, must—put forth all her available strength, and draw upon all her resources, to check the advance of the Northern hordes that will be hurled upon us the coming fall.

As at our people have only had a foretaste of the horrors and miseries are yet in store for them, if the Yankees, in redoubtable force, are permitted to march in and infest our country. They threaten to, and, if not prevented by the strong arm of our brave men, will come down upon us with overwhelming power, marching from the northern border of the Confederacy to the Gulf of Mexico.

We do not wish to excite the fears of our people, but we do wish to warn them in time, in order that they may provide against the disasters threatened them. The North has as yet taxed lightly her energies and her resources, especially her resources in men.

In view of the state of affairs here fore shadowed, it behooves the South, without delay, to throw into the field every available man within her borders, make a bold push for the northern boundary of our territory, meet the enemy at the threshold, and thus save our homes and country from further pillage and devastation. Supineness and inaction now are the sure precursors of subjugation and ruin.

THE DRAFT IN PENNSYLVANIA.—Gov. Curtin confidently expects to make arrangements to allow each district of the state a reasonable time to furnish its quota of troops in volunteers, and thus obviate the draft entirely. As soon as the enrollment is completed and returned the quota of each county, township, precinct and borough will be ascertained, together with the credit each is entitled to for the number of men to be drafted in each sub-division of each county, and an opportunity and a reasonable time will be given to furnish the quota as volunteers.

The draft was postponed till the 15th of September to afford ample time for these arrangements. It is expected that the quota of each county and sub-division can be ascertained by the 5th of September.

THE APPOINTMENT.—The following is the appointment of the militia to be drafted into the service of the U. S. Government, under the recent requisition of the President for 300,000 militiamen from the several states, as follows:—

Pennsylvania, 45,321; New York, 39,705; Ohio, 36,538; Illinois, 26,148; Massachusetts, 19,080; Indiana, 21,250; Wisconsin, 11,904; Virginia, 4,650; Vermont, 4,588; Rhode Island, 2,712; Connecticut, 1,745; Delaware, 1,790; Iowa, 10,570; Maine, 6,890; Maryland, 8,532; Michigan, 11,560; Minnesota, 2,681; New Hampshire, 3,653; New Jersey, 10,475; Missouri, 8,231; Tennessee, 4,500; Kansas, 1,710.

ORDERED BACK.—The U. S. Frigate New Ironides has been ordered back to Philadelphia from her expedition to Fortress Monroe. Captain Turner has made a very favorable report as to the good qualities of the vessel, but objects to being sent to sea without her spars. The Ironides had her spars removed for an expected emergency in James River, at City Point, and as that has passed off, the Navy Department has concluded to send her further south. This alone is the purpose of her return hither.

Some of our contemporaries, says the Boston Herald, speak of the reply of President Lincoln to Mr. Greeley's letter as "unprecedented" in the conduct of rulers. This is hardly true. Some three years and a half ago, the Emperor Napoleon replied to the attacks of the English press upon his policy and his intention toward England, in a letter to Sir Francis Head. And that letter, although addressed to an individual, was written for the English merchants a year or two ago. Now if an Emperor can write to a man, who is why should not a President, to a man, who is both a representative man in his party, and a journalist of great influence.

OF HOT WATER.

BY ARCHBISHOP WHATELEY.

It has been said that "An Englishman is never happy but when he is miserable; a Scotchman never at home but when he is abroad; and an Irishman never at peace but when he is fighting."

Certainly it is that there are some persons (both Irish and others) who delight to live in hot water;—who seem to enjoy themselves and thrive in the midst of perpetual contests. And if a man is always in hot water, there is some presumption that he is either one of these, or else so injudicious in his measures as to provoke hostility. But a presumption does not imply full proof, nor even a strong probability. It only throws the burden of proof on to the opposite side. It may be called on to show how it can be that, without being of a pugnacious disposition, he may yet be often in hot water. And this, I think, may be shown.

(1.) A man in public life who belongs to no party, and openly avows his disapprobation of parties, will be likely to incur the inevitable hostility of all party men; who are a large portion of mankind.

It is remarked by Thucydides, in writing of the civil contests in Greece, that those who steered a middle course were destroyed by both parties, in resentment at their not joining them, or from grudging them an escape. This is one way in which a peaceably disposed man may incur hostility.

(2.) If he attempts to make peace between those who are contending, he is likely to verify the Scotch proverb, that "the rider gets aye the worst stroke in the fray." If he decides completely in the favor of one of the parties, he will, of course, have the other against him; and if he perceives that each party is somewhat to blame, though somewhat less so than their opponents represent, he will be likely to have both of them upon him. For those who are engaged in a contest are apt to see no evil on their own side, and no good on their opponents'.

(3.) If he is an enemy to jobs and abuses of all kinds, he will incur the hostility of all those (and they are not a few) who from these derive some advantage. And he will probably be disliked, not only by those whom he has immediately to deal with, but also by others who may suspect that their turn will come next; even as pickpockets, when not actually detected, hate the sight of a policeman; and as rats have a universal antipathy to a ferret.

(4.) A large portion of mankind have something of sham about them; something of disguise or pretension, and profession of one motive while another, the real one, is suppressed. All such persons feel an instinctive aversion and dread towards any one whom they believe to see through them. They remind one of a sort of fairies of Scandinavian mythology, who had the appearance of beautiful damsels, and endeavored to allure an incautious stranger, but, in reality, were hollow like masks, and where therefore most cautious not to let any get behind them, and thus detect their emptiness.

(5.) Any one who is so far ahead of his age as to foresee future dangers, and difficulties, and needs, that are overlooked by most of his neighbors, will be almost sure to be vehemently denounced by them as a dangerous innovator, for proposing pecuniary steps. And if anything does take place which he had predicted and forewarned them of, they will perhaps be even the more displeased with him on account of the superior foresight which he has displayed, which they feel as a kind of reproach to themselves.

From any of these causes, and much more from all of them combined, it may happen that a peaceable man will often be in hot water.

MIASM.

The scourge of camps, especially in the fall of the year, is an emanation from the surface of the earth, most virulently poisonous at sunset and sunrise, throughout the United States, the more southern, and is called *Miasm*, sometimes more specifically, "Marsh Miasm."

Formerly, (and perhaps now,) the steps of St. Peter's, at Rome, were covered every night with sleeping harvesters, who spent the day in cutting and gathering the grass and grain in the Pontine and other marshes, and broad, flat, damp fields, around the "Eternal City," because ignorant and degraded as they are, they knew that to sleep in those fields, even under cover, is certain sickness, and in thousands of cases death itself in a few days, by malignant fevers or wasting bowel complaints. The noxious fumes of carbonic gas are pure poison winds, in comparison to the deadly effects of a miasmatic atmosphere, which, while it is being breathed, appears so deliciously cool and fresh and pure, that scientific intelligence can scarcely (and often does fail to break the victim away from the fatal spell. But miasm is under certain laws, and medical investigation has ascertained with certainty several of these, and the means by which this invisible but deadly agency may be deprived of its power to harm or to destroy. In ordinary circumstances, in our latitudes, persons may sleep out of doors in miasmatic districts, without injury, if between the times of an hour or so after sundown, and as long before the succeeding sunrise; while from an hour after sunrise, until near the succeeding sunset, being the day-time, it is not hurtfully present. It is only for the hour or two, including sunrise and sunset, from August until November, or two or three good frosts, that miasm should be most on their guard against that invisible and entrancing foe, which has slain a thousand times more soldiers in all past times, than sword, bullet, and cannonball, and epidemics, and plagues, which it has the power to engender. There are three agencies which always will perfectly and safely antagonize all the ill effects of Miasm, to wit:

1st. A good warm meal; 2d. Heat; 3d. Cold. It is curious to notice how each of these acts differently. Cold only paralyzes miasm, for, like the frozen adulter, it comes to life to destroy as soon as it is warmed. Heat, continually applied, sends the miasm to the clouds, hence its innocuousness in the heat of the day everywhere; while a hearty, warm breakfast or supper makes the system impervious to its effects, makes it invulnerable, repels its deadly onslaught. Miasm arises from three familiar agencies, each one of which must be always present, or its generation is absolutely impossible, namely, heat over eighty degrees acting on vegetable substances which have moisture; or heat, vegetation, moisture. Any individual may escape the effects of miasm by invariably taking a warm breakfast an hour before sunrise in the morning, and a warm supper while before sundown; or a pint of hot coffee, or any kind of hot tea or milk, or simple hot water, with a thin slice of cayenne pepper in it; but a regular meal lasts much longer in its antagonizing effects. Kindling a brisk fire in the sitting room, to burn for the hour including sunrise and sunset, will protect any family from fall epidemics; and the same will be done for armies, by keeping the camp-fire burning during the nights along the streets of tents, a million times better than quinine and whiskey.—*Dr. Hall.*

A NORWEGIAN HOME.

The houses in which these country people reside are not altogether unlike the small log-cabins of the early settlers on our western frontier. I have seen many such on the borders of Missouri and Kansas. Built in the most primitive style of pine logs, they stand upon stumps or columns of stone, elevated some two or three feet from the ground, in order to allow a draft of air underneath, which in this humid climate is considered necessary for health. They seldom consist of more than two or three rooms, but make up in number what they lack in size. Thus a single farming establishment often comprises some ten or a dozen little cabins, besides the large barn, which is the nucleus around which they all centre; with smaller cubs for pigs, chickens, &c., and here and there a shed for the cows and sheep, all huddled together among the rocks or on some open hill-side, without the least apparent regard to direction or architectural effect. The roofs are covered with soil, upon which it is not uncommon to see patches of oats, weeds, moss, flowers, or whatever comes most convenient to form roots and give consistency and strength to this singular overtopping. The object, I suppose, is to prevent the transmission of heat during the severe season of winter.

Approaching some of these hamlets or farming establishments during the summer months, the traveller is frequently at a loss to distinguish their green sodded roofs from the natural sod of the hill-sides, so that one is liable at any time to plunge into the midst of a settlement before he is aware of its existence. Something of a damp, earthy look about the logs, the weedy or grass-covered tops, the log green and moss grown, the dripping eaves, the veins of water oozing out of the rocks, give them a peculiarly northern and chilling effect, and fill the mind with visions of long and dreary winters, rheumatism, colds, coughs and consumptions, to which it is said these people are subject. Nothing so wild and primitive is to be seen in any other part of Europe. A silence almost death-like hangs over these little hamlets during a great part of the day, when the inhabitants are out in the hills attending their flocks or cultivating their small patches of ground. I passed many groups of cabins without seeing the first sign of life, save now and then a few chickens or pigs rooting about the barn-yard. The constant impression was that it was Sunday, or at least a holiday, and that the people were either at church or asleep. For one who seeks retirement from the busy haunts of life, where he can indulge in uninterrupted reflection, I know of no country that can equal Norway. There are places in the interior where I am sure he would be astonished at the sound of his own voice. The deserts of Africa can scarcely present a scene of such utter isolation.—*Hurper for August.*

NEVER LOOK BACK.

Never look back—there's nothing so bad
As getting familiar with sorrow;
Treat him to-day in a cavalier way,
And he'll seek other quarters to-morrow.

A lady in Gainswain bought eight acres of worn-out stony land at forty dollars an acre, and set it out in an orchard at an expense of two hundred dollars. She dropped it every year, cleared two hundred dollars a year, and at the end of six years after the purchase refused twenty-five hundred dollars for the land.

A London medical journal states the case of a man who lived a whole year after his back bone was broken. We mention this as an encouragement and consolation to the Southern Confederacy.

The most remarkable case of indigestion we ever heard of, was that of a man who sat up all night, because he could not determine which to take off first, his coat or his boots.

Brother Lamson, of the Brighton Reporter, takes life easy. He goes round counting among his friends and subscribers, laying in "a good supply of cider, cherries, currants, blueberries, apples and other luxuries." He has large capacity for such things—whatever may be said of his capacity in other directions.—*Portland Transcript.*

A candidate for auditor of public accounts was suddenly called upon for a speech. On rising, he commenced, "Gentlemen, you have called on me for a few remarks. I have none to make—I have no prepared speech. Indeed, I am no speaker; I do not desire to be a speaker; I only want to be an auditor."

LATEST NEWS.

FROM THE ARMY OF VIRGINIA.

ANOTHER BATTLE AT BULL RUN.

GEN. POPE'S OFFICIAL DISPATCH.

THE ENEMY DRIVEN FROM THE FIELD.

HEAVY LOSSES ON BOTH SIDES.

Pope Comes Up and Attacks Them Again.

THE REBELS HEAVILY REINFORCED.

Gen. Pope Falls Back to Centerville.

He is Joined by Franklin's and Sumner's Divisions.

ANOTHER BATTLE EXPECTED.

THE WAR IN KENTUCKY.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Headquarters, Field of Battle, Greenwiche, near Gaines Mills, August 30, 1862, 8 A. M.

To Major-General Halleck, General-in-Chief, Washington, D. C.—We fought a terrific battle here yesterday, with the combined forces of the enemy, which lasted, with continuous firing, from daylight until dark, by which time the enemy were driven from the field, which we now occupy.

Our troops are too much exhausted yet to push matters, but I shall do so in the morning, as soon as I see John Porter's corps comes up from Manassas.

The enemy is still on our front, but they are badly used up. We have not less than 5,000 men killed and wounded, and from the appearance of the field, the enemy lost at least two to one. He stood strictly on the defensive, and every assault was made by ourselves. Our troops behaved splendidly.

The battle was fought on the identical battle-field of Bull Run, which first greatly increased the enthusiasm of our men.

The news just reaches me from the front that the enemy are retreating towards the mountains. I go forward at once to see. We have made great captures, but I am not able yet to form an idea of their extent.

JOHN PORT, Major-General.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 30.—We have positive information from Manassas up to 4 P. M. of yesterday, that the battle was conducted by the army corps of Heintzelman, McDowell and Sigel, on our side, against a rebel force believed to number from fifty thousand to sixty thousand strong—that is against the army corps of Jackson, and we presume a portion of Lee's army that had succeeded in making its way down from White Plains through Thoroughfare Gap.

The location of the battle of the day was in the vicinity of the Hay Market, and from Hay Market off in the direction of Dudley Church, in other words, but a few miles northwest of the scene of the never-to-be-forgotten battle of Bull Run.

Heintzelman's corps if we are correctly informed, came up with the enemy's rear at about ten o'clock A. M., seven miles from Centerville, which point he left at daylight. He found Jackson's command fighting with McDowell or Sigel, or both, on the right, in the direction of Hay Market, the position they took by going north from Gainesville, to command the exit and entrance from Thoroughfare Gap.

Our own correspondent, (a cool, clear-headed man,) who left Centerville at 4 P. M., says that up to that hour the impression prevailed there that nothing definite had resulted from the day's fight.

Persons subsequently arriving, who were on the field of action themselves until 4 P. M., however, represent that the tide of success was decidedly with the Union army, which pushed the rebels successfully on both sides.

An impression prevails that the reserve of Lee's army, supposed to be from twenty to thirty thousand strong, might suddenly appear near the field, and so know that the heavy corps under Fitz John Porter was so posted that it could instantly have upon Lee with equal ease, whether attacking McDowell, Sigel or Heintzelman.

The large force sent from Alexandria yesterday, under Gen. Franklin, to join Pope, made little progress, comparatively, by night-fall. Our hope is that, learning of the extent of the enemy's force this side of the White Plains, they hastened on their march shortly after midnight. Their delay has, however, subjected them to not a few unenviable criticisms in Washington to-day.

The railroad, we are happy to say, has already been repaired quite up to Bull Run and supplies, &c., are now being transported over it to that point. By midnight, we have every reason to believe, Bull Run bridge will again be passable, when the trains can again run to Manassas.

Evacuating Manassas on the day before yesterday, the rebels paraded the 200 Union prisoners they had taken since the commencement of the movement for which they are paying so dearly.

They realized that prisoners, in their present strait, were but an elephant on their hands and were glad of them. These 200 prisoners they paraded in the main street, as well as the 500 of Gen. Taylor's brigade.

The engagement has been going on all day to-day, and so distinctly was the cannonading heard early this forenoon (under the influence of a murky atmosphere,) back of Alexandria, that the impression prevailed here that a heavy engagement was in progress as close as this side of Fairfax Court House.

ANOTHER FIGHT.—Information has reached Washington from private sources that General Pope came up with and attacked the enemy again shortly after 9 o'clock this morning.

The cannonading was distinctly heard in Washington to-day.

The railroad was regularly run this morning from the town of Warrenton to Briscoe, so it is already clear that the only damage resulting to the railroad is to the rails and ties, and that the rails and ties are being repaired.

The former should be completed to-night, and the latter may be in four or five days.

The fighting up to 12 o'clock to-day was of a doubtful character.

We occupy the ground where the rebels had buried their dead.

LEADER.—WASHINGTON, Aug. 31.—The rebels were heavily reinforced yesterday, and attacked Pope's army before the arrival of Generals Franklin and Sumner. The attack was boldly met and a severe battle followed. The advantage on the whole was on the side of the enemy, and Pope fell back to Centerville, and was joined at Centerville by Gen. Franklin, and Sumner was upon the

march to join him last night. He occupies the strongest position in the neighborhood of Washington, and is expected promptly to renew the contest, with the success of Friday.

THE LATEST.—WASHINGTON, Aug. 31.—Information received here indicates that there has been but little, if any, fighting to-day.

Our army is well concentrated, and the men are in good condition and spirits.

From Kentucky.—LOUISVILLE, Aug. 31.—In the battle fought yesterday, near Richmond, Ky., the Union force, as near as can be ascertained, was between 8,000 and 9,000. It commenced by Gen. Nelson driving the rebels back, until about four o'clock P. M., when the rebels were largely reinforced, and, crossing the Kentucky river, they captured nearly all our artillery, and routed our men. The rebel force is estimated at 15,000 to 20,000 men. The Federal loss is reported 150 to 200 killed and wounded. The rebel loss is not known, but is said to be heavy. Gen. Nelson was wounded slightly; Col. Warren, of the 16th Kentucky, and Col. Topping, of the 71st Indiana, reported killed.

There is no foundation for the report that Gen. McClellan has received the appointment of commander of the combined armies of Virginia; he retains the command of his own division, while Gen. Pope commands the army of the Happpahannock, and General Burnside that of the Potomac.

The Surgeon-General at Washington appeals to the loyal women and children to make lint and send it to various designated United States surgeons. Gen. E. Cooper, U. S. A., is the surgeon in this city authorized to receive contributions.

A large corps of physicians and surgeons, properly supplied and equipped, have left Philadelphia and Harrisburg for Washington.

Mayor Whitman, accompanied by a number of persons to attend to the sick and wounded, together with hospital stores, left Boston on the 30th, for Washington.

The British schooner *Anna Maria*, while trying to run the blockade, had been captured by the gunboat *St. Cuyler*, which left Nassau on the 29th ult.

EXCITING.—Monday, 11 o'clock P. M.—A dispatch was received in this city from New York this morning that the *Tribune* had a dispatch declaring, among other things, that Gen. Banks had been "cut up," and that Gen. McClellan had been denounced as a traitor. As we write this, another account comes from New York, that the *Tribune* office has been closed by government officials.

A ROSE—BY AN EPICURE.—I thank thee, fair maid, for this beautiful rose,
Fresh with dew from thy favorite bowers;
In the bloom of the garden no rival it knows,
For the rose is the breakfast of flowers.

Alluding to the fact that the Indian squaws are frequently seen in that city encased in hoops of the first magnitude, the *Herald* journal says that if Pocahontas had worn crinolines "she couldn't have got near enough to Smith to give him the saving embrace that has become historical."

At a recent concert in a town that shall be nameless, a gentleman in the audience rose up just as the third piece on the programme had been performed, and said:—"Mr. Conductor, will you oblige me, sir, by requesting your vocalists either to sing louder or to sing in whispers, as there is a conversation going on close by where I sit, that is conducted in such a loud tone as to entirely hinder my enjoyment of the music. I prefer, certainly, to hear the concert; but if I cannot be so privileged, I desire to hear the conversation." There was an extremely quiet and attentive audience in the hall during the rest of the evening.

A young fellow, a friend of ours—says a Portland paper, rejoicing in the possession of a *verte* snake pipe, which he was vainly endeavoring to color, was thus accosted by a lady acquaintance of his yesterday:—"Do you smoke in the streets, Willie?" "Yes, sometimes," replied he, without removing the pipe from his mouth. "What would tempt you to break off the habit and destroy the pipe?" inquired the fair one. "Oh, anything," returned our gallant friend, "even the smallest token of your esteem."

Well, here, said she, passing him a roll of banknotes, "let this bind the bargain," and taking the costly clay pipe from his hand, before he could count one, two, she dashed it to the pavement, breaking it into a thousand fragments.

A jewel of a damsel, residing at New Haven, Conn., has furnished, under the signature of "Nora," a few stanzas to the *Conductor*, expressing the out-going desire of her blessed little innocent heart. The following is a sample:

"With the blessings I have, my wants are but three;
Most simple and definite, nothing that's wild,
I ask for no more than is needful to me—
A husband to love me, with cottage and child."

TWO SUMMERS.

Last summer, when at the very
Shore the summer days,
We wandered slowly, you and I,
Across those leafy forest ways,
With laugh and song and sportive speech,
And faithful tales of earlier years,
Through deep within the soul of each
Lay thoughts too sorrowful for tears,
Because—I marked it many a time—
Your feet grew slower day by day,
And where I did not fear to climb
You paused to find an easier way.
And all the while a boding fear
Ppressed heart and heavy on my heart;
Yet still with words of hope and cheer
I bade the gathering grief depart.
Saying,—When next those purple bells
And those red columbines return,—
When woods are full of playmate,
And this faint fragrance of the fern,—
“When the wild white wood’s bright surprise
Looks up from all the strawberried plain,
Like thousands of astonished eyes,
Dear child, you will be well again!”
Again the marvelous days are here;
Warm on my cheek the sunshine burns,
And faded birds chirp, and far and near
Floats the strange sweetness of the fern.
But down those ways I walk alone,
Tearless, companionless, and dumb,—
Or rest upon this way-side stone,
To wait for one who does not come.
Yet all is even as I foretold;
The summer shines on wave and wild,
The fern is fragrant as of old,
And you are well again, dear child!
—Atlantic Monthly.

AN OBJECT OF INTEREST.

[We find the following among the selections of one of our exchanges. It is worth giving credit for, if we knew to whom credit was due.]
“Oh, Alice,” said a silly girl to me, one day clasping both her hands in a sort of the state of fashion, “if I could only be an object of interest! I’m sure there is foundation enough. Wasn’t I born in the almshouse, where half the heroines of novels are born; then when I was fourteen, didn’t Mrs. Green take me and keep me till she died? Oh, Alice, such a beautiful life as I led there! She used to rise about noon, like lady Arabella Scraphina, in the ‘Widowed Heart,’ and as soon as she was dressed she sent for me to read to her, and we read the most entrancing novels until bedtime. Sometimes when we had one that was very interesting, we sat up till two or three o’clock. She told me she was sure I had a history. Oh, if I could only find out what it is! I don’t get much time to read here.”
“No much the better,” said I, “your head has enough trash in it now, I imagine.”
“Oh, Alice, if you only had a soul above your station!”
I was mad. To tell me this little bit of an almshouse child having me that my station was low! I who only took the place of child’s nurse because my chest was too weak for me to keep at dress-making. No I answered her rather sharply. “If you fill your station properly, you won’t have time to be making remarks about other people’s.”
She didn’t notice my dignity, but went on sorting the children’s clothes for the wash, and talking away. “My station! Oh, Alice, I am convinced that I was not born to be a nursery maid; I feel a moving spirit within me that says ‘Jennie, you will be a great lady.’ But I don’t care for that; if I can only be interesting! Oh, Alice, if I was only the maid in ‘The Maid and the Magpie’! Think of being incarcerated in a dungeon on a false charge, and finally having your innocence proved, and everybody looking at you, shaking hands with you, and offering their congratulations. Oh, Alice!”
And down went the baby’s apron for the hand clapping performance.
“If you think a dungeon so lovely, you had better steal some spoons,” I said.
“Need! But then I would only be a common thief. Besides, Alice, what would become of the conscious innocence that supported the maid? I don’t mind being poor a bit; heroines always have to be poor sometime in their lives; but I have liked to play the piano, or do something like that. You see in the nursery I have no chance; if I was a governess now, with deep mourning dresses fitting my exquisite figure to perfection; or an authoress who goes to the publisher, and lifting a veil, discloses features of bewildering loveliness; or a teacher whose graceful figure fits lightly down the street to her day’s toll—there might be a chance; but who ever comes after a heroine in the nursery? I do my best when I take Miss Nettle out for a walk, but nobody seems to notice my fair curls or fair complexion; it’s bandoline and chalk thrown away.”
“You are throwing the muslin into the pile of colored clothes.”
“I’m sure I’ve mental abstraction enough for a library of heroines,” said Jennie, gathering up the pile of clothes, and marching off to the kitchen. And this was only one specimen of that girl’s ruling passion. She was pretty; had a little, graceful figure, with big blue eyes and lots of light hair, with a pale complexion which would have been pretty if she hadn’t sent all the color out of it by eating stale pencils and chalk, and drinking vinegar. Mrs. Green, a silly old woman, who had taken her for a maid, had filled the child’s head with novels till she had pretty well driven out all the sense there had ever been in it. She was nearly eighteen when the old lady died and my mistress, Mrs. Green’s niece, Mrs. Wood, took Jennie for a nursery maid. Such a life as she led me! First of all, she studied upon wearing

all her mass of tow-colored hair in long curls flying all around her, because Mrs. Green had said it reminded her of Sophonisba Aramis Monticello, in the ‘Love Lord Shepherd.’ After the baby had hauled out some stuff of it, and she had caught it in each lock and handle in the nursery closets and drawers, caught it on fire once in the gas-light, hung suspended by it when jumping down from a chair, after getting a bale from the top of the wardrobe and catching her hair there in its place, having me shut it once in a closet door, while she was sitting down, and leave the room for two hours while she had to sit still or drag all her curls out by the roots, upsetting a bucket of water all over her by catching a curl in it as it stood on the table, and encountering various other mishaps of a like kind, she finally consented to turn it up with a comb, and wear it smooth like a Christian. Then the mania she had for novels; our young ladies couldn’t lay one down for five minutes but she had taken it and dropped down, no matter where, to read. Once I found her curled all up on the sofa, the baby’s clean clothes dumped down on the floor, and Miss Jennie crying her eyes out over the ‘Crazy Maid of Bel-fast.’ Next day she varied the performance by sitting down on a frying-pan turned upside down, in the kitchen, to devour, she said, ‘The Count of Monte Cristo.’ Then she found ‘The Mysteries of Udolpho,’ and used to scream if the candle went out, and nearly squeeze me to death, nights, with terror if a mouse squeaked. With her head in a novel and her mind after it, she would ruin the fine things with flatirons nearly red hot, scorching them black, or scrape the flannels into crosses with old ones. She would put Willie’s trousers on Nettle and Nettle’s bonnet on Willie; and then, if I remonstrated, say: ‘Oh, dear, I was wishing Miss Fannie would finish the second volume of ‘Great Expectations.’ I’m dying to know who Miss Havesham is. Oh, Alice, think how deliciously romantic to wear your wedding garments for twenty years!’

“It may be very romantic, but it is particularly nasty,” I said; and the only answer I got was the information that I had no soul.
One day, hearing a dreadful cry in the nursery while I was busy down stairs, I went up. There sat Miss Jennie, with all her hair pulled down, and her night gown on over her petticoats, squatted all down in the corner of the fireplace, glaring like a maniac. Willie, half dressed, was cutting his coat to pieces with his scissors; and Nettle, all ready for a walk, was screaming with terror at Jennie’s antics.
“Are you crazy, girl?” I said angrily.
“Oh, Alice! do I look crazy? I thought I would just try how it would seem to do the scene in the ‘Bride of Lammermoor,’ when Lucy goes frantic. Mrs. Green often used to dress me like the heroines, and let me do scenes, but here, my soul starves for its worst food.”
I was too angry to laugh, and for the first time I boxed her ears.
“A blow! Tyrant, beware!” she cried, striking an attitude.
She was evidently so tickled at the idea of being ill-treated, that I would not give her the satisfaction of being a martyr, and sent her to change her dress and get ready to take the children out. Doing scenes was one of her favorite amusements. She nearly strangled Willie in one of her tantrums, by taking him by the throat, saying she was defying Hinaldo in the Pirate’s Victim, and poor little Nettle she took for a footstool, and threw herself desperately right on the top of her, as Leonie in the Maid of the Haunted Barnyard. At first I let her give the children their meals, but after she sugared their eggs, put molasses in their soup, made them sick by letting them eat a whole jar of jam at one luncheon, broke a whole waiter of crockery by starting at a slight noise, poured a whole pitcher of water on Willie’s head instead of into his cup, pinned Nettle’s napkin to the table cloth instead of round her neck, spread a pound of butter on a small piece of cake, and wiped Willie’s mouth with a hair brush, I took care of their meals myself. Then I gave her the care of the washing and ironing. That was no better. She starched the flannels till they were as stiff as boards, made the pocket handkerchiefs like a shirt front by the same process, squeezed the indigo bag till all the white clothes were bright blue, and then took out that tinge by scorching them a lively brown.
It was of no manner of use to complain. Mrs. Green had left her five hundred dollars, to be paid when she was married or came of age, and she made the care of Jennie until that time Mrs. Wood’s charge by the conditions of her will, so Mrs. Wood turned her over to me, and a nice time I had of it.
At last she fell in love! All that had gone before was a mere trifle to what came now. She met the man whom she persisted in calling her fate, in the street, while she was walking with the children. Margaret, the cook, insisted upon it that it was the baker’s boy, but Jennie scorned the suggestion. No, he was a gentleman born, now in reduced circumstances, whose heart went out to her when they met. Our conversations now were something after this pattern—
“Jennie, you are spilling that milk all over the floor!”
“Oh, Alice, such eyes!”
“Take care, Jennie, you’ll drop the baby into the fire!”
“Oh, such a mustache, so black, so silky, and such teeth!”
“Jennie, you are brushing Willie’s hair with the back of the brush!”
“I wish you could see him, Alice! Such hair, and expression! Such an altogether!”
“Jennie, don’t you hear how baby is screaming? You are running the pin right into the child!”
“Oh, Alice, he is just like Rupert of Castle Rock!”
“Jennie, you are choking Nettle to death, drawing her ears so tight!”
“Oh, Alice, I am all impatience to get out. He promised to finish the forty-first canto of

his poem and repeat it to me to-day. Oh how he does quote!”

This was my last day of trial. The children came home alone, and crept into the nursery, very much terrified, having been found by a policeman in the Navy Yard where they had wandered after Jennie left them. Fortunately, Willie had been taught to repeat his name and address, so they were brought directly home.

There was some company in the evening, old friends of Mrs. Wood’s, and the children were ordered down into the parlor after tea. As Jennie had not yet made her appearance, I went with them. We were all listening to Nettle sing one of her little songs, when bang! went the parlor door, and Jennie rushed in, in the tow-colored hair all flying, her bonnet hanging by the strings, her shawl trailing behind her, and her dress generally looking as if somebody had thrown it at her. She rushed at Mrs. Wood, and fell down on her knees screaming—

“Pardon, pity and forgive me!” and then she rumpled her hair all up, and glared at us each in turn.

Mrs. Wood did not know about the children so she said in an astonished tone—

“What does all this mean?”
“Mean! Love! Hopeless love! I know my fault, let love be my excuse.”

“What ails you? Are you demented, girl?”

“Would you have passion listen to the voice of prudence? We loved! Stern fate would forbid our nuptials! We are one!”

“In the name of common sense what does all this mean?” said Mr. Wood, coming forward.

As he spoke, a tall, really handsome young man stepped from the entry into the room.

“It means, sir, that this lady is my wife. She has informed me that her fortune is in your hands, and fearing your opposition we were privately married to-day. As your ward—”

“My ward, sir! That girl is my nursery-maid!”

It was the young man’s turn to glare, which he did; but when Mr. Wood informed him that Jennie could receive her five hundred dollars by calling at his office in the morning, he cooled down, and taking Jennie by the hand, said—

“Come, my love, we will go!”

“Farewell!” cried Jennie. “Farewell, my benefactress! Farewell, friend and counselor of my wayward youth (this was to me).”

“Farewell, ye cherubs, whose rays slumbers I have watched; whose waking joys I have shared. Farewell, scenes and haunts of my youth! A long, long farewell!” And then with another scream she fainted in her husband’s arms, who carried her into the hall.

“I’m glad she’s gone,” said Willie: “She always washed my nose up.”

I saw her a few moments later, smoothing her hair and arranging her dress, apparently very well satisfied with her play-actor speech.

Well, well, it was better than a month after, when one day the nursery-door opened, and Jennie came in. She was so pale, and seemed so quiet and subdued that I scarcely knew her.

“Alice,” she said, humbly, “do you think Mrs. Wood would let me come back if I try to do better?”

“Why, Jennie, girl,” I said, kindly, for her eyes were full of tears, “what’s wrong?”

“It is all wrong, Alice, and all my own folly to blame for it. The day I went from here, Edgar, my husband I mean, for I ain’t sure that is his real name, persuaded me to go to England with him. He said he was a gentleman there, and would make me a lady. So I gave him my money, and we went to New York to wait for a steamer. All my things were sent on board and we were to sail last Wednesday. We were on the wharf, and the people were all on board, but he kept saying there was no hurry, and talking and chatting till they pulled in the plank; then he cried—

“Good-bye, Jennie; thank you for the cash,” and jumped aboard.”

“Leaving you?” I cried.

“Yes. I couldn’t jump, you know. He’s gone, and taken all my money, except one five dollar bill, and that just brought me home.”

“Well, Jennie, you are an object of interest.”

“Oh, Alice, don’t, don’t say those hateful words to me. If I had only minded my work and not novel reading alone I never would have fallen into such a scrape. I will try, indeed, I will, to do better if Mrs. Wood will take me back.”

Search the world over now, and you will not find a tidier, handier little maid than Jennie, the object of interest.

“And she doesn’t wash my nose up any more!” adds Willie.

HERE’S THE BOWER.

Here’s the bower she loved so much,
And here’s the tree she planted;
Here’s the harp she used to touch,
Oh, how that touch enchanted!
Roses now unheeded sigh,
Where’s the hand to wreath them?
Songs around neglected lie,
Where’s the lips to breathe them?
Spring may bloom, but she we loved
Never shall feel its sweetness;
Time that once so sweetly moved
Now has lost its sweetness;
Years were days when here she strayed,
Days were moments near her;
Heaven never formed a brighter maid,
Nor pity wept a dearer.

Every note of music we ever heard,
Every voice that ever breathed into our
bosoms and played upon its instrument, the
heart, only wafted us on a little to the tomb;
but if it did its mission well, it not only
brought us nearer, but made us fitter for rest
and after life.

A pretty female artist can draw the
men equally with a brush and a blush.

LOST CHILDREN.

The following beautiful passage, in regard to the future condition of children, is from the pen of Henry Ward Beecher:—

“When God gives me a babe, I say, ‘I thank God for this lamp lit in my family.’ And when, after it has been a light in my household for two or three years, it pleases God to take it away, I can take the cup, bitter or sweet; I can say, ‘My light has gone out; my heart is sacker; my hopes are desolated; my child is lost—my child is lost!’ Or, I can say in the spirit of Job, ‘The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.’ It has pleased God to take five children from me, but I never lost one and never shall. When I have a child Christ comes to me, with a divine covering, and He says to me, in words of tenderness, ‘Will you not give me the child, and let me take care of it, instead of yourself?’ my flesh may remonstrate, but my heart says, ‘Lord, take it and adopt it!’ I have lived long enough since the taking away of my children, to find that it is better as it is, than that they should have remained with me. I have seen a great many cares and troubles for a person of my years, but I bear witness that God has put no trial upon me which has not been good for me to endure.”

As believers in Christianity, which reveals God as our Father, and heaven as our eternal home, it is our privilege to feel that, when our children are taken from us, they are not lost to us, but only pass on before us to the spirit world, to become angelic beings around the burning throne of God and the Lamb. Jesus declared that of such is the kingdom of heaven. They have gone from us, to live with the crowned immortals, to be watched for and cared for by the angels of light; and we doubt not that they will be among the first to welcome us to the shining courts on high.”

WORK AND WAIT.

Oh, learn to work and wait,
For if the cause be just,
‘Tis certain, soon or late,
Succeed you really must.
Our country’s vast estate,
On which ne’er sets the sun,
With all that makes us great,
By labor hath been won.
Then learn to work and wait,
For if the cause be just,
‘Tis certain, soon or late,
Succeed you really must.

“All things their level find,”
Like streamlets as they stray;
The low, the lofty mind,
The same great law obey.
The true, the noble brave,
In time assert their right;
The slow receding wait,
Returns with tenfold might.
Then learn to work and wait,
For if the cause be just,
‘Tis certain, soon or late,
Succeed you really must.

Though many a gifted soul
At glory’s threshold pine,
Yet thousands reach the goal—
Their labors are divine.
‘Tis folly to begin
Fame’s darkly chequered way,
Unless to bravely win
A trophy or the bay.
Oh, learn to work and wait,
For if the cause be just,
‘Tis certain, soon or late,
Succeed you really must.

—English Paper.

THE CARE OF THE EYES.

First, never use a desk or table with your face toward a window. In such case the rays of light coming directly upon the pupil of the eyes, and causing an unnatural and forced contraction thereof, soon permanently injure the sight. Next, when your table or desk is near a window, sit so that your face turns from, not towards it, while you are writing. If your face is towards the window, the oblique rays strike the eye and injure it nearly as much as the direct rays when you sit in front of the window. It is best always to sit or stand, while reading or writing, with the window behind you, and next to that, with the light coming over the left side—then the light illumines the paper or book, and does not shine abruptly upon the eye-ball. The same remarks are applicable to artificial light. We are often asked which is the best light—gas, candles, oil, or camphine. Our answer is, it is immaterial which, provided the light is either be strong enough, and does not flicker.—Scientific American.

NINE FOLLIES.—To think that the more a man eats the fatter and stronger he will become.

To believe that the more hours children study at school, the faster they learn.

To imagine that every hour taken from sleep is an hour gained.

To act on the presumption that the smallest room in the house is large enough to sleep in.

To argue that whatever remedy causes one to feel immediately better, is “good for” the system, without regard to more ulterior effects.

To commit an act which is felt in itself to be prejudicial, hoping that somehow or other it may be done in your case with impunity.

To advise another to take a remedy which you have not tried yourself, or without making special inquiry whether all the conditions are alike.

To eat without an appetite, or continue to eat after it has been satisfied, merely to gratify the taste.

To eat a hearty supper for the pleasure experienced during the brief time it is passing down the throat, at the expense of a whole night of disturbed sleep, and a weary waking in the morning.

The Emperor Nicholas has abolished the use of the knout in Russia. He will be suppressing Siberia next.

USE OF THE NOSTRILS.

People seem to be learning that the nostrils were made to breathe through, and that by conforming to the design of the Creator, many infectious fevers may be avoided, and pulmonary complaints lose much of their fatality. The following remarks are worthy of a careful reading. They are taken from “The Breath of Life.”

The mouth of man, as well as that of the brute, was made for the reception and mastication of food for the stomach and other purposes; but the nostrils, with their delicate and fibrous linings for purifying and warming the air in its passage, have been mysteriously constructed and designed to stand guard over the lungs—to measure the air and equalize its draughts, during the hours of repose. The atmosphere is nowhere pure enough for man’s breathing till it has passed this mysterious refining process; and therefore the imprudence and danger of admitting it in an unnatural way in double quantities upon the lungs, and charged with the surrounding epidemic or contagious infections of the moment. The impurities of the air which are arrested by the intricate organizations and mucus in the nose are thrown again from its interior barriers by the returning breath; and the tingling excitements of the few which pass them, cause the muscular involutions of sneezing, by which they are violently and successfully resisted.

The air which enters the lungs is as different from that which enters the nostrils as distilled water is different from the water in an ordinary cistern or a frog pond. The arresting and purifying process of the nose upon the atmosphere with its poisonous ingredients passing through it, though less perceptible, is not less distinct, nor less important than that of the mouth, which stops cherry-stones and fish-bones from entering the stomach.

The intricate organization in the structure of man, unaccountable as it is, seems in a measure divested of mystery, when we find the same phenomena (and others perhaps even more surprising) in the physical conformation of the lower order of animals; and we are again more astonished when we see the mysterious sensitiveness of that organ in instinctively and instantaneously separating the gases, as well as arresting and rejecting the material impurities of the atmosphere. This unaccountable phenomenon is seen in many cases. We see the fish, surrounded with water, breathing the air upon which it exists.

It is a known fact that man can inhale through his nose, for a certain time, mephitic air, in the bottom of a well, without harm; but if he opens his mouth to answer a question, or calls for help, in that position, his lungs are closed, and he expires. Most animals are able to inhale the same for a considerable time without destruction of life, and no doubt, solely from the fact that their respiration is through the nostrils, in which the poisonous effluvia are arrested. There are many mineral and vegetable poisons, also, which can be inhaled by the nose without harm, but if taken through the mouth destroy life.

And so with poisonous reptiles and poisonous animals. The man who kills the rattlesnake or the copperhead, and stands alone to keep his mouth shut, and receives no harm; but if he has companions with him, with whom he is conversing over the carcasses of these reptiles, he inhales the poisonous effluvia through the mouth, and becomes deadly sick, and in some instances death ensues. Infinitesimal insects, also, not visible to the naked eye, are inhabiting every drop of water we drink, and every breath of air we breathe; and minute particles of vegetable substances, as well as of poisonous minerals, and even glass and silica, which float imperceptibly in the air, are discovered coating the respiratory organs of man; and the class of birds which catch their food in the air with open mouths as they fly, receive these things in quantities, even in the hollow of their bones, where they are carried and lodged by the currents of air, and detected by microscopic investigation.

Against the approach of these things to the lungs and to the eyes, nature has prepared the guard by the mucus and organic arrangements, calculated to arrest their progress. Were it not for the liquid in the eye, arresting, neutralizing and carrying out the particles of dust communicated through the atmosphere, man would soon become blind; and but for the mucus in his nostrils, absorbing and carrying off the poisonous particles and effluvia for the protection of the lungs and the brain, mental derangement, consumption of the lungs and death would ensue.

How easy and how reasonable it is to suppose, then, that the inhalation of such things to the lungs, through the expanded mouth and throat, may be a cause of consumption and other fatal diseases attaching to the respiratory organs; and how fair a supposition, also, that the deaths from the fearful epidemics, such as cholera, yellow fever, and other pestilences, are caused by the inhalation of animalcules in the infected districts; and that the victims to those diseases are those portions of society who inhale the greatest quantities of those poisonous insects in the lungs and to the stomach.

In man’s waking hours, when his limbs, and muscles, and his mind are all in action, there may be but little harm in inhaling through the mouth, if he be in a healthy atmosphere; and at moments of violent action and excitement it may be necessary. But when he lies down at night to rest from the fatigues of the day, and yields his system and all his energies to the repose of sleep; and his volition and all his powers of resistance are giving way to his quieting influence, if he gradually opens his mouth to the widest strain, he lets the enemy in that chills his lungs—that racks his brain—that paralyzes his stomach, that gives him nightmares—brings him imps and fairies that dance before him during the night and during the following day, headache, toothache, rheumatism, dyspepsia and the gout.

MY TREASURE.

I.
I have a treasure. What is it, say,
Oh, lady fair, oh, lady fair?
Is it a mirror to shine all day,
Or pearls to braid my brown, brown hair?

II.
A diamond buckle to clasp my shoon;
A satin robe—like the glistening crest
Of the lake that ripples under the moon—
Zoned with rubies beneath my breast?

III.
Is it a castle, with broad fair lands;
A magic purse of eager red gold,
Whose swelling meshes within my hands
Exhaustless store of riches hold?

IV.
Is it some wondrous beauty-charm,
To sleep my life in brilliant dyes,
To mantle my cheek in tresses warm,
And tint my neck and light my eyes?

V.
Is it a crown and a throne of state,
And a wand to wave o’er subjects leal,
With mailed guards at my palace-gate,
And a royal will to say and seal?

VI.
I tell thee, no: it is none of these,
Oh, lady fair, oh, lady fair!
But a little babe upon my knees
To love and pull my brown, brown hair.

R. M.

THE DUKE AND THE TOAD.

The Duke of Wellington had noticed for several mornings, while standing at a window overlooking the park, a lad eight years old, or thereabouts, stooping down at the butt of an elm tree, and apparently feeding some creature who lived in it. So, wondering what the boy could be doing, one morning the Duke went to see.

“What have you there, my lad?” he asked.

“My toad,” the boy replied. “I come every morning to give him some breakfast.”

“Indeed!” said the Duke; “that is an odd fancy—boys do not often make pets of toads.”

“Oh! I have done so,” rejoined the lad, not knowing whom he was talking to, “all my holidays. But I am going to school to-morrow, and shall not be able to feed the poor little fellow any more. See! there he is!”

said the child, (Arthur Vyes), and, stooping down, the Duke saw the bright eyes of the toad glittering out of a hole from which a knur had fallen.

“Well,” said the Duke, “I will see that your food is fed. I live near here, and I can send him food now and then.”

“Oh! thank you!” said the boy, with beaming eyes; and so they parted. About a month afterwards a letter came to the school for Arthur, with these words in it:—

“Field-Marshal the Duke of Wellington thinks Arthur Vyes will be glad to learn that his toad is in good health. It has been regularly fed by the Duke’s servant, excepting one morning, when the Duke of Wellington fed the toad himself.”

Useful Receipts.

GOOD COLOGNE.—Oil geranium, ten drops; oil lemon, twenty do.; oil bergamot, twenty do.; otto rose, ten do.; oil lavender, 10 do.; essence musk, (or not, as you may choose) one ounce. Put these oils, &c., into one pint best alcohol.

BRAIN WATER.—The Scientific American advises the ladies, when they wish to wash fine and elegant colors, to boil some bran in rain-water, and use the liquid cold. Nothing, it is said, can equal it for cleaning cloth and for revivifying effects upon colors.

KEEPING EGGS.—Having tried many ways of preserving eggs, I have found the following to be the easiest, cheapest, surest, and best. Take your crock, keg, or barrel, according to the quantity you have, cover the bottom with half an inch salt, and set your eggs close together on the small end; be very particular to put the small end down; for if put in any other position, they will not keep as well and the yolk will adhere to the shell; sprinkle them over with salt, so as to fill the interstices, and then put in another layer of eggs, and cover with salt, and so on, till your vessel is filled. Cover it tight, and put it where it will not freeze, and the eggs will keep perfectly fresh and good any desirable length of time.

CHOICE RECEIPTS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The two following recipes are of great value in families:—

PAINBINDER’S CHOLERA MIXTURE.—(Prepared by the elder Dr. P.) Camphor 3 oz.; lavender compound 2 drachms; paregoric 5 drachms.

BROWN MIXTURE FOR A COUGH.—60 drops of laudanum; 90 drops antimonial wine; 1 table spoonful gum arabic; 1 table spoonful of cut liquorice; a small bowl of warm water; 3 table spoonfuls brown sugar. Take a desert spoonful every half hour, for a hard cough.

GREEN TOMATOES, OR BEANS.—1 peck green tomatoes or beans, and 1 doz. large onions. Slice and salt them 24 hours. Then drain 24 hours. 2 table spoonfuls of celery seed, 2 oz. mustard seed, 1 black pepper, 1 of cloves, 1 of allspice, and 4 pods red pepper. Cover them with vinegar, and boil 15 minutes.

TO WASH A WHITE CLOTH SHAWL.—Make a suds of white soap; wash the shawl clean; rinse it in tepid water; smoke it afterward, with fumes of sulphur, in a closet of some kind or very small room; rinse again, and dry it by laying a sheet on the floor of a room, and nailing the shawl with white tacks, upon the sheet. Square it by measuring, as you sail it. It will dry smooth and square. Shake it, fold it up, and it needs no ironing.

HE LEADS HIS OWN.

"I will lead them in paths that they have not known."—Isa. xlii. 16.

How few, who, from their youthful day,
Look on to what their life may be,
Painting the visions of the way
In colors soft, and bright, and free;
How few, who to such paths have brought
The hopes and dreams of early thought!
For God through ways they have not known
Will lead his own.

The eager hearts, the souls of fire,
Who pant to toll for God and man,
And wait with eyes of keen desire
The upward way of toil and pain;
Almost with scorn they labor there;
Of holy calm, of tranquil breast—
But God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead his own.

A lowlier task on them is laid—
With love to make the labor light;
And there their beauty they must shed
On quiet homes, and lost to sight.
Changed are their visions high and fair,
Yet calm and still they labor there;
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead his own.

The gentle heart that thinks with pain
It scarce can lowliest tasks fulfill;
And if it dared its life to scan,
Would ask but pathway low and still;
Often such lowly heart is brought
To act with power beyond its thought;
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead his own.

And they the bright who long to prove,
In joyous path, in cloudless lot,
How fresh from earth their grateful love
Can spring without a stain or spot,
Often such youthful heart is given
The path of grief to walk to Heaven;
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead his own.

What matter where the path may be!
The end is clear, and bright to view.
We know that we a strength shall see,
Whatever the day may bring to do;
We see the end, the house of God,
But not the path to that abode;
For God, through ways they have not known,
Will lead his own.

DEBTOR AND CREDITOR.

BY MRS. CAROLINE A. SOULE.

"How I wish father was here now," and Mrs. Smith looked complacently at the pan of cream-biscuits she had just drawn from the oven. "I've had such good luck with these, and he's so fond of them, too. Run, Jimmie; run down to the gate, child, and see if he isn't coming. I do hate, of all things, to have cream-biscuits wait, and these are so nice," and she turned them from the dripping-pan on to a side-table, and broke them up.

They did indeed look tempting, so light and white, with such a delicate shade of amber-brown on their crusts. When the last one was piled on the plate, a most appetizing odor diffused itself over the old-fashioned kitchen—an odor that would have made a dyspeptic sigh as he broke in halves his hard brown crackers. Covering them with a towel, fresh from the drawer, she set them on the tea-table, and then resting a hand on each hip, surveyed it carefully, to see if all was there.

It was a genuine old-fashioned Yankee tea-table, such a one as makes our mouth water only to remember, with a homespun linen cloth, snowy as drifted flakes, and yet in its Sunday creases; with a quaint mulberry-colored tea-set; tiny silver spoons that had grown thin with the handling of three generations, and horn-handled knives and forks, scoured to a mirror-brightness. Cream for the morning milk floated in the little pitcher; pure maple-sugar filled the bowl; a pat of butter, golden as the wheat sheaf that was stamped upon it, was flanked on the one side by a ball of new Dutch-cheese, and on the other by a plate of pickles, green and crisp as though fresh from the vines; a quart bowl, just beside the biscuits, held circular slices of beets, tingling the vinegar with the crimson-purple of claret wine; opposite was another, with elder-applesauce, each great mellow quarter, mellow to the heart, yet perfect in shape, while the four corners of the table bore proudly the pies and cakes; pumpkin-pie, ruddy as the old brick oven in which it had been baked; apple-pie, with upper-crust that dropped into flakes as you cut it; cookies, with caraway seeds in them for flavoring; and doughnuts, brown as a berry on the outside, and creamy-white in their centres.

"Yes, I believe I've got all; now, if he would only come!" and she turned to the fire-place, and lifted the tea-kettle from the hook, and set it on a warm corner of the ample hearth.

"He's coming, mother; he's 'most here," and nearly out of breath, Jimmy bounded into the kitchen, and "I guess he's got the money too, for he looks ever so glad. Won't you be glad, too, mother?"

"Yes, indeed, child, the dear knows I will; but run, now, and wash your face and hands, and call Susan to set the chairs up. I'll make the tea in a hurry."

"Supper all ready! Well, I'm glad of it; for I tell you what, mother, I'm hungry as a bear," and the broad-chested, sturdy, sunburnt, yet genial-looking farmer, drew off his overcoat, and pulled off his cap, and handed them to his wife, and then ran his fingers back and forth through the blaze that went up the chimney, rubbing them briskly the while.

"It's chilly riding, and I shouldn't wonder if we had a frost to-night. Did the children gather in all the pumpkins to-day?"

"Pretty much, father. All that's fit to cook—"

"Some great bouncers, too," interrupted

Jimmie; "it was all Sue and I could do to roll them."

"You'd better throw some old blankets over them to-night, mother. I don't want 'em brought in, as long as I can help it, for every day's sunning helps sweeten 'em. My old mother used to say it saved half the molasses to let 'em sun a fortnight."

"And so it does, father, but come, sit down now."

"Don't look much like hard times here, mother; and Mr. Smith set down the cup of fragrant tea his wife had handed him, broke open the biscuit he had helped himself to, and spread the halves with a generous allowance of butter. "Not much like hard times," and he deposited a brimming spoonful of apple-sauce on his plate, and dipped his fork into the bowl of beets. "We've thought we knew something about 'em; but I tell you, mother, we've got to fare slimmer than this before we feel 'em to speak of. If you just could only have set down to the table I did to-day, noon, I reckon—well, I reckon you'd a-choked up, mother. You see, I met cousin Sam Jones in the street, just as I was going down to the tavern to get a dinner, and nothing would do, but I must go home with him. I didn't want to a bit, for I knew they must be short about these times; but he wouldn't take no for an answer, and so I went. I was sorry enough, though, when I saw Sally Ann, for she looked so frustrated; but she shook hands with me as warm as ever, and said she was glad to see me, though if she'd known I was coming, she'd a tried and tossed up something a little better. Well, we set down to the table; but dear me, mother, I could have eat every mouthful of it myself, and then had room for a decent dinner."

"What did they have, father?"

"Hush, mother; why, they had a piece of steak, just about as big as my hand. I don't believe there was over a pound and a half of it, and about a dozen little crazy potatoes, not one of them a bit larger than my thumb, a slice of butter about as thick as one of those cookies, and just about as big round, and a small loaf of baker's bread, that had about as much substance to it as a soap-bubble, and a pitcher of water."

"No pie or pudding, father?"

"Not the first mouthful, mother. I tell you, I didn't eat much; told 'em I wasn't very hungry, for I'd been lunching on doughnuts all along the road. 'Oh dear,' says little Moll, 'I wish we could have doughnuts. We haven't had any for ever so long. Why don't you make some, ma?' Sally Ann, she colored up, and says, kindly, softly: 'Hush, Moll; you know the times are too hard for father to buy lead to bile 'em in.' Well, that kinder started 'em; and such a story as she told to tell, mother! Dear me, but it made my heart ache only to hear it. His wages have been cut down half, and he can't always get that when it is due, and sometimes they don't for days have anything to eat but hasty-pudding and molasses, and sometimes they even have to go without the molasses. Sally Ann said she hadn't had a bit of tea or sugar for two months, nor an egg, nor a pie or a cake. I'll tell you what I did: I just went right down to the wagon, and got that basket of doughnuts—I hadn't eat 'em half up—carried 'em to the children. Mercy, but how they did pounce on 'em! I couldn't think of anything but a half-starved cat coming across a stray mouse, they grabbed 'em so. And such a shout as they gave when they saw the slice of cheese! Sally Ann said it was more than a year since she had tasted a bit."

"Dear, but how funny—not to have cheese in the house all the time. Why, I reckon we've got forty now, up in the cheese room."

"Twenty, Jimmie, twenty; don't you stretch things so. I do wish I'd known it, father, before you started. I'd sent her one, and a lot of butter, and a loaf of vegetables. You might have carried 'em just as well as not, if we'd only thought of it; but I never supposed folks—decent kind of folks, I mean, such as they are—ever had to do without such things."

"Nor I either, mother, and it set me to thinking, as I was coming home; and I believe you and I have often done rich people wrong, when we've called 'em stingy because they didn't divide with the poor around 'em. I don't believe it's stinginess a quarter of the time. It's because they don't think. They're so much of everything themselves, they don't realize how others do live. Sally Ann and Sam might have thought we were stingy to-day, because I didn't bring 'em in a loaf of one thing and another from our farm; I say they might, if they didn't know just what we really are. But you and I know that wasn't the reason. But never mind; I shall go down again in two or three weeks, and I reckon I'll make the springs bend some with the load I'll carry 'em then. I'll put in a good lot of potatoes and turnips, and such small trash, and half a dozen good-sized pumpkins, and four or five bushels of apples, and—"

"And I'll send him some of my nuts," cried Jimmie, "a great bag of nuts, all mixed up, walnuts and butternuts and chestnuts. I reckon they'll make little Moll open her eyes."

"And I'll send cousin Sally two of my chickens," and little Sue's eyes sparkled, and dimples danced all over her sunny face.

"And I'll put in a roll of butter and a cheese and a ten-quart pail of apple-sauce, and I'll bake one of my biggest loaves of bread for her; I reckon home-made bread, wet up with new milk, will be quite a treat to them."

"And mother, put in some doughnuts and cookies," cried Jimmie.

"And, oh, mother; make her a nice loaf-cake, with raisins in it and sugar on the top—white sugar, I mean."

"Yes, yes, Susan, and I'll send her a couple of gallons of new milk, and a quart or so of sour cream, to mix up a few biscuits. I don't suppose she's had a cream-biscuit these two years. Dear me; but I don't know how city folks do live so far from hand to mouth. I

reckon Sally Ann is sorry enough now she ever persuaded Sam to go there to live. To be sure, he wasn't making much at his trade here, but then their rent was only a trifle; and their garden kept them in vegetables the year round, and they had a cow and could make their own butter, and once in a while change milk with a neighbor, and make a cheese or two, and they could fatten a couple of pigs every year, and keep hens and have fresh eggs, and raise all the fruit they needed but winter apples. Their current-bushes were doing so when they left, while their cherry trees almost broke down, and their plums and peaches would have borne in a year or two, a plenty. And now, they don't have anything but what they buy. It's too bad. I wouldn't stand it."

"Nor I either, mother. This putting one's hand in his pocket, every time he wants a bite, isn't just the thing, according to my notions. Sam tried hard to have me go when he did. But I gave him a right flat no. Says I, Sam, may be I won't make as much money as you, but I'll live a deal sicker better. Poor fellow, I wonder how he'd feel to happen in just now, and set his eyes on this table. And yet we don't think this is anything extra; at least nothing but the biscuits." And swallowing the last bit of the fifth one, he reached out his plate for a piece of the pumpkin pie.

Mrs. Smith thought it a favorable opportunity to ask the question that had been on her lips ever since he came in.

"Did you get your money, father, to-day?"

"I reckon I did, mother," and he clasped his right hand on his breast-pocket. "I reckon I've got a hundred dollars hid here; bran new bills, too, every one of 'em. No, not quite a hundred; for after I got 'em, I went and bought a pound of tea and a dollar's worth of sugar, and gave 'em to Sally Ann, for I couldn't bear that any of my connections, and a woman, too, should be drinking cold water all the time. Don't they look good?" and opening the old leather pocket-book, he took them out and counted them over. "Five tens is fifty; nine fives is forty-five, and this three is ninety-eight; just it."

"I'm so glad you got it, father. I've worried all day for fear they'd disappoint you, and goodness knows what would have become of us this winter, if they had."

"And I'm glad, too," shouted Jimmie, "for now I shall have new boots and a new cap, a store cap, such as other boys wear, and a new overcoat out of father's old one, and a new jacket and pants. Hurray, boys, ain't I glad?" and he shoved his chair back hastily, and picking up the old cap which his mother had fabricated the winter before, out of bits from her bundle-bag, he sent it, as he said, "a-sitting."

"And I'll have a new dress, won't I, mother?" said little Susan very earnestly; "a new delaine dress—a red one, with little black dots over it. Oh, dear, won't it be funny, to have a dress right out of the store. I've had to have mother's old ones cut over for me, till I'm tired. And I'll have your cloak now, won't I, and new shoes and a belt, mother; all the little girls wear belts—"

"And what'll this little fellow have?" said the mother, cheerily, as she took up the crowling baby out of the cradle. "He'll have a new dress, too, won't he, father?" and she held the little soft face close to the farmer's lips.

"May be, may be," he said, as he tossed the little one to the ceiling half a dozen times. "There, take him, now, mother, for I must unhitch the horses and get them into the stable. Bunkies are tired and hungry by this time, and he hurried away.

The chores were all done and the children put to bed. The farmer sat in his easy-chair, which was tilted back against the oven-door, and looked the picture of homely comfort, with his legs crossed so lazily, his arms folded so cooily, and his "pipe of clay" set so snugly between his lips. His wife sat in her low rocker, with the stand drawn closely to her, though the blaze from the hickory fire rendered the light of the candle almost unnecessary. Her knitting work lay beside the snuffers ready to take up, as soon as the last stitch was set in the long patches with which she was covering the holes in the knees of Jimmie's trousers. The cradle stood near by, so close that her foot touched it lightly if the baby stirred.

The fire crackled and blazed; the farmer smoked and seemed lost in thought; the farmer's wife sewed, and she too seemed lost in thought.

By and by, she hung the mended trousers on the foot of the cradle, saying as she did so: "There, I hope it's the last time I'll have them to patch." Then she took up the double mitten she was knitting for her husband, and her fingers flew as though his hands were bare, though if the truth be told, he had two pairs yet in the stocking-bag, besides those he yet carried in his pockets. But she was a thrifty wife, and always ahead with her knitting.

"I'm so glad you got that money, father," she said after a while. He did not answer her, but puffed away at the old pipe.

Presently she spoke again. "Shall you be using the team to-morrow, father?"

"Why, mother?"

"Because, I thought if you wasn't, I'd have you drive me up to the store. Now we've got the money, we may as well get our clothes first as last, and have them cut, and then when I get a minute's time I can be making them. I'll take me nearly all winter, any way. I don't suppose Grey's got his winter stock yet, but we can buy twenty or thirty dollars' worth out of what he's on hand."

Mr. Smith did not reply at once. He smoked out his pipe, knocked out the ashes, and laid it on the shelf. He set his chair forward on its four legs, drew off his boots, and planted his feet on the front round, and then putting an elbow on each knee, he rested his face on his hands. It was his usual attitude when he was going to talk seriously, and his wife's heart began to rise in her throat.

"What would you have done, supposing I

hadn't got that money?" he said, after clearing his throat with sundry hems and haws.

"Why, I'd had to go along without it, I suppose," she answered, rather curtly, "but the dear knows how, though, for I've twisted and turned every which way the last year. We're every one of us nearly naked for clothes—everything we've got is ready to drop to pieces. But what makes you ask such a question?"

"Because," speaking very slowly, "I've been thinking that if we could possibly make our old clothes do this winter yet, I'd take that money and use it for something else."

"But I thought you'd said, over and over again, that if you ever got that hundred dollars you'd spend every cent of it for clothes, and so get a good start again."

"So I have, mother, so I have, but—well, I'll just tell you what started me to thinking we'd perhaps better use it some other way. Just as I got off this morning, I found one of old Ned's shoes was loose, so I went round to the smith's to have it fixed. Well, it was pretty early, you know, and they hadn't much fire yet, and the shop was open and cold, so I thought I'd run into Johnson's and warm me a bit. They were just sitting down to breakfast—"

"How is Miss Johnson, father? I have never seen her since her baby was born, and it must be over three weeks old now. Dear me, how time flies! It's too bad, too, when I thought so much of her."

"She's poorly, mother—thin as a June shadow and white as a ghost, and the puniest baby you ever set eyes on. But as I was saying, they were just sitting down to breakfast, and what do you think they had—rye griddle-cakes and milk-gravy—"

"No meat or potatoes?"

"Not the first mouthful, nor any coffee, nor any tea, but catsup—"

"Catsup—"

"Yes, mother, catsup. 'You've eat your breakfast, I reckon,' says he, as he drew up his chair. 'If he hadn't,' says she, 'he wouldn't relish ours much,' and she turned her head away, but I saw her wipe her eyes with her apron."

"Poor thing! but, father, I always thought Johnson was a good provider."

"So he is, mother, so he is; but just wait till I tell you. It's hard fare," says he, as he took up a cake; "I didn't think once I could have stood it to have gone without meat or potatoes, or butter or coffee, for breakfast, but these hard times play the deuce with a fellow's earnings." "But I thought you were doing pretty well now," says I. "Well, so I am," says he. "I turn away work every week, but the trouble is, no one has anything to pay with; it all goes on the book." Well, I tell you, mother, that made me feel rather uncomfortable, for I couldn't help thinking of the hundred dollars I owed him."

"Yes, but he agreed to wait a year when you spoke of getting the wagon made, you know, and he's got your note for it, and it's bringing him interest all the time."

"I know it, mother, but—well, when I got ready to go, he went out with me, and says he: 'I've been thinking about coming over to see about that note, neighbor Smith. I tell you, we're pretty hard up just now. We ain't had a spoonful of tea or coffee, or a bit of meat or wheat bread in the house since the baby was a week old, and we have to let the butter go that we make now to pay old Granny Boone for taking care of Mary a fortnight. She ought to have had help a month, for she's mighty thin this fall, but we were too poor.' But can't you get trusted at the store?" says I. "Yes, I can, but I owe Grey fifty dollars now, and I hate to ask him to let the bill run any longer, for I know he's in a tight place, too; and then I owe the butcher ten dollars and the doctor ten, and I signed ten for the minister, and I know they all want it. There's all the debts I owe in the world, and a hundred dollars would make me square, you see, and give me a little start, too, and I've been thinking if you could pay that note now, I'd throw off interest—yes, and ten dollars of the principle, for ninety now is worth more to me than a hundred and six will be next spring." Well, I told him just how it was—how we'd called to put that into clothes and such like, but he looked so sorrowful that I told him I'd pay you about it, and if you thought we could get along till spring with the old clothes, why, I'd take up the note now. What do you say, mother?"

Mrs. Smith did not answer. She had dropped her mitten and was looking dreamily into the fire.

"We should be out of debt then, you know," said the farmer after a while, "and that would be such a comfort. We've had a pretty hard tussle with the world, getting all these mortgages paid off. I reckon I'll be many a long day before the old farm gets saddled with another one, but father, though a mighty hard working man, was always too easy with folks; he never would say no."

Still his wife did not speak. She was thinking of the many, many things she had "lotted so" on buying with that hundred dollars.

The clock struck nine. "Bed time," said the farmer, giving himself a good shake before the fire, and "I'm ready for it, too, for I'm about tired out. Here, mother," taking up his pocket book and handing it to her, "you take care of this; it's mighty precious just now, and mind you, mother, do just as you think best. If you're really set your heart on spending it for clothes, why, take it and buy 'em. But if, after thinking it all over, you find you can manage any way to make our old ones do, why—don't do as you're a mind to. I don't care a copper, as far as I'm concerned, only I hate to think of Miss Johnson drinking catsup-tea and we owing her."

"So do I, father."

Mr. Smith's voice was husky as she spoke, and it was only after she had swallowed hard two or three times, that she was able to add: "I'll think it all over, father, before I go to sleep, and see what can be done."

She did so. Long after her husband's eyes

were closed in sound slumber, she lay wide awake beside him, devising, calculating, and wondering. "If it wasn't for his and Jimmie's boots, and Susan's and my shoes, I do believe I could manage after all, but I can't make over boots and shoes. Well, well, I'll go to sleep, now—perhaps I can think of some way in the morning to get them. Poor Mary Johnson—drinking catsup-tea, and living on rye cakes, and her baby only three weeks old, it isn't right," and then she said her prayers, oh! how fervently; and dropped off into a sleep, sweet and sound.

Her morning work was light the next day, for she had washed and scrubbed and baked and churned on Monday, that in case her husband got his money she could get an early start to the store. By the time the children were off to school and the baby had settled himself for his morning nap, she was at liberty to commence her rummaging. She went first to the "south room"—parlor, city folks would have called it, but she was country bred, and satisfied with the same quaint name her husband's mother had given it when the house was built. Opening the drawer of the bureau, she commenced taking out her husband's shirts and looking them over carefully. "Well, I declare," she said to herself, as she replaced them, "they ain't worn so bad as I thought; if I put a new bosom and collars and wristbands on two, they'll be nearly as good as new, the muslin isn't worn any, hardly, and the other two will bear mending some time yet. The one he wore yesterday is whole, and pretty strong too; that's five, and the sixth he's never had on yet, for I've always made it a rule to keep one out of every set all new and nice, in case anything should happen." She sighed as she spoke, for well she knew what that "anything" meant.

"Yes, I guess I can keep them on another year, or till spring at any rate, for he don't often wear white shirts in winter, and it's so lucky I made up so much flannel last year. He didn't want me to, but I seemed possessed to do it. If I hadn't, I don't know what would have become of us now, with having to sell all our wool this summer to pay off that last mortgage. Thank fortune it's paid too, and the old place is safe." And then she took out the Sunday vest and neckerchief.

"Well, they don't look so dreadful bad, after all; I guess if I iron this out nice, I can fold it so as to hide the old creases, and then I'll do new buttons as well as new, and I can put new buttons on the vest, and bind it over, and it will last quite a spell," and she closed the bureau and went to the "north room," where behind a sheet hung her own and husband's best clothes. "They're pretty thin," examining the pants, "pretty thin, but then if I make him a new pair out of that piece of full cloth that was left over last winter, why, he won't need to wear those only on Sundays, and he can take them off as soon as he comes from meeting, and that'll save them a good deal," and she hung them up and took down the coat.

"It's most threadbare in spots, I declare, but then he can wear his every-day one under his overcoat this winter, and if he keeps that buttoned up close, why, no one will be the wiser. I did hope, though, to have got him a new coat this fall, but—well, this must do some way. They cost so much," and she replaced it and took down his best overcoat. She shook her head as she examined it, but presently her eyes brightened, she had remembered that there were pieces enough left to put on a new collar and new cuffs, "and that, with new buttons and new binding, will make it look quite respectable. As for his cap, he must slip that into his pocket when he goes into meeting; I'll do well enough elsewhere—Now I must look at mine," and she spread out on the bed a purple merino dress, a cloak of brown circassian, and a black alpaca skirt and basque. "If they only hadn't been turned once—oh! I've just thought, I'll dye the merino and the cloak, dip the alpaca, and then, when I've made 'em all over nice, they'll do as well as new." And she hung them up, and took down a handkerchief. "I was in hopes to have had a new bonnet, and had this made over for Susan, but I guess I'll do this winter. Poor Sue, she'll be disappointed about the red dress; she lotted on it so much. There, I've just thought what I'll do; I'll take that delaine I've had for a good dress these three summers, and dye it crimson. There'll be enough of it to make the baby one, too, and the cape'll make each of them a hood. Susan will think just as much of it, if it's only red, and I'll buy her a belt some time, when I have a little better money. And that lining of mine, that I was going to take for a petticoat, will make her a good every-day dress, and here that she wore last winter will do for the baby; so they're fixed out. No, there's her cloak. Oh! I'll dye her old one when I'm about my clothes, and that'll make it as good as new in her eyes. Now for Jimmie. Let me see; I do believe there'll be enough of that full cloth to make him a Sunday pair, and I'll cut over some of his father's old ones that I have been saving for a new carpet for every day wear. And there's those old coats of his grandpa's, which I never could bear to think of ripping up; they'll make him all he needs this winter, if I cut them over, so he's fixed, all but his cap; but then caps are cheap now, and I'll save in groceries some way, and get him one at the store with my better money. Now if it wasn't for the boots and shoes. I do wish I had something to sell that would bring money enough to get them. And I have—I have—there's these feathers, I did once think I never would let them go, but I will—I will," she repeated, emphasizing the word *will*, and then she went into the kitchen again, and began to fly round to get an early dinner.

Going to use the team this afternoon, father," she asked, as the farmer shoved back his chair from the table.

"So I guess not, why?"

"Why, I'd like to go and sit with Miss Johnson, awhile, father—and, father, you may take up that note while we're there. I've made up my mind to make what clothes

we've got to, somehow or other. Here's the money," and she brought the pocket-book from the "south room." "I've put in two dollars that I'd saved up out of my better-money, and as for the interest, why, I reckon you can fill up the wagon with some things that'll be as good as cash to them. I've killed and dressed a pair of chickens, and will put up a loaf of fresh bread and a pie or two, and a pail of apple-sauce."

"That's right, mother; and I'll load up with apples and garden saws and such like, that they have to buy. I feel as if I could give away half I own, to think I'm going to be out of debt. You get ready as quick as you can, and I'll harness up in a jiffy."

Let us follow that roll of bills, and see how many hearts were made glad by the self-sacrifice of one farmer's wife.

Mrs. Johnson lay on the bed, faint and weak, and if the truth be told, just ready to cry. She was actually suffering for the want of suitable food and drink. She never could bear rye, and her stomach fairly loathed it now, and she did miss her tea and coffee so much. She had never complained to her husband, but her pale, thin cheeks, as they sat down that day to dinner, had so touched his heart, he could not swallow a mouthful, hungry as he was.

A rap at the door. She hastened to rise and open it.

"Why, Miss Smith, dear woman, how glad I am to see you!" and she shook her visitor cordially by the hand.

"I'll help myself, Mary. Go and lie down again; you don't look fit to sit up. I never knew how poorly you was till father told me last night, or I'd a-tried and got out to see you before. It's no one but father," as a second rap was heard at the door; "come right in."

"How are you, to-day, Miss Johnson? haven't gained much since yesterday; where's Johnson—in the shop?"

"I expect he is, Mr. Smith; sit down, and I'll send bubbly after him. Run, Harry, run, and tell pa who's here."

Mr. Johnson stood beside his bench with a chisel in his hand; but not, as usual, busy as a bee. He had no heart to work.

"Where was the use," he muttered, "in these hard times, when a poor fellow, like him, can't ever so much, can't get a drawing of tea for his sick wife? What's that, Harry—Mr. Smith wants to see me? Well, I'll come, right away, too. I do wonder if he's going to take up that note; if I thought he was—but phew! it isn't often a man pays a note till it's due, when times are easy. Ah! Smith, how are you to-day? and you, Miss Smith, pretty well, eh? and there's the baby, too, don't look much like our little rat, here. But, sit down, Smith, sit down."

"I haven't time, just now, Johnson. Have you got that note about you? Mother, here, has concluded she'll make our old clothes do awhile longer, and pay up our debts, and as she wanted to come and visit awhile with your wife, I thought I'd come along and have that little business of ours all straightened. There, counting out the money, 'there's the face of the note, a hundred dollars, and the six months' interest is out in the wagon, if you'll take it that way; if not, you must wait till butchering time—"

"Don't say a word about the interest, neighbor," and great tears rolled down Johnson's cheeks, while his wife sobbed aloud; "and you must take back this ten, too," handing him a bill.

"No, no, not a cent. You made the wagon on honor, and it's worth all I agreed to pay for it. Take it all; then twisting the note in his fingers, and holding it in the fire till it was all of a blaze, "no man can look me in the face now, and say I owe him a copper. Hard times won't trouble me any longer, for I can raise enough on the old place to make a living, let prices be ever so low, now I am out of debt; but I guess I'll be travelling. Mother wants me to go up to the 'Squire's, and sell some feathers for her. Come on, Johnson, and get that interest out of my way."

"There, that bag's apples, and that's potatoes, and that's meat, and here's a lot of turnips, onions, and beets, and some of my pig-cabbages, and a pumpkin or two; them things there in the basket and pail is some little notions mother fixed up for your wife, you see, she thought something away from home might relax. Got 'em all? Well, I'll be off, then," and he whipped up his horses and was soon out of sight. Mr. Johnson carried in the interest, and then, stopping only to take off his apron and put on his coat, started off for the village.

"I'll go to the minister's first," he said to himself; "for ministers are always hard upon the dear knows how they do live in these times."

"What is to become of us I don't know," and the minister shoved back his scrumptious paper. "It's no use trying to write, I can't think of any thing but our wants. Not a candle in the house, or any tea, or sugar, or butter; wife, without a calico dress to her back, and the children bare-footed, and Mrs. Friske and Holmes will be here to-night, on their way home from the Association, and nothing but bread and potatoes and salt to set before them, and have to feel their way to their mouths in the bargain. Oh, dear! if some one would only get married; but times are too hard, I suppose, for the young folks to think of that. I haven't had a wedding-fee for three months—"

"Are you too busy to see Mr. Johnson a few moments, husband?"

"Busy! no dear; tell him to walk up. Ah! friend Johnson, how do you do to-day, and the folks at home?"

"Oh! I guess they'll get along, now, and as for me, I'm hearty as ever. No, thank ye, haven't time to sit down; I just called in to pay that ten dollars, I signed. There," handing him two fives, "just write me a receipt, if you please. I thought I

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A SECESS SERMON.

A Tennessee secession "Hard Shell," about the time our gunboats were making their movements down the Mississippi River, was called on to deliver a sermon, and he spoke as follows:—

"Beloved brethren and sisters, you are assembled to-day to discharge the most important duty of your lives. The Yankees in 'chariots of fire' are coveting and charging like the beasts with seven heads and ten horns, spoken of by St. John—(Brother McNairy, make that bloodhound of yours quit his impropriety, or I'll expel him from the church, even as Judas was cast out of the synagogue)—the uncircumcised sons of the Philistines are riding over the holy soil of the South in chariots of fire, even as the chariots of Elijah and Ammadah, and my soul waxes 'fearfully and wonderfully mad.' Oh! brethren, let us do as King David, the sweet psalmist of Israel, did, when he arose and went after his sling. (Stop, my brother, don't be in such a hurry to leave. I don't mean a gin-sling, but the sling of the 'just man made perfect,' which will send a rock into the temples of Abraham Lincoln.) Brethren, let us see if we can't perforate into the meaning of my text—ah! 'Cuss-ye Me-rez-ah!' My text suggests two points—the cowardice of a cuss, and the cuss of cowardice.

"Firstly, then, there is always cowardice in a low oratory cuss. A cuss is always as full of cowardice as our publishing house is of piety, which, you know, my brethren, is an 'extensively religious concern,' and publishes among other excellent books, my great work on prophecy, called Armageddon. Price one dollar and fifty cents—ah!

"Secondly, the cuss of cowardice. Who, my brethren and sisters, is a cuss of cowardice? A cuss of cowardice is one who bel-lows like a 'bull of Bashan,' in time of safety, and then runs like a 'fatted calf' in time of danger. There's Isham G. Harris, who issued a proclamation a few days ago talking about 'defending the sanctity of our homes and wives, and daughters, and dying in the last ditch.' Yes, he cowered mightily, and shouted as he 'smelt the battle afar off,' but to-day he roareth like a disconsolate Wangedoodle on the dark mountains of Hepzidam, roaring for her first born, and 'will not be comforted because they are not.' Instead of staying to fight that son of Belial, Andy Johnson, he is pecking up his duds for a grand skeet-shoot. My brethren, he is a cuss, and a 'cuss of cowardice'.

"Then there is Gideon Pillow, who has undertaken a contract for digging that 'last ditch,' of which you have heard so much. I am afraid that the 'feathers will fly' whenever that case is opened, and that Pillow will give us the slip. The 'sword of the Lord' isn't the 'sword of Gideon Pillow,' I am certain, so I shall not bolster him up any longer. Gideon is a 'cuss of cowardice'.

"There is Wash Barrow, who has been handling millions of dollars, and staying cozily at home while 'lured fellows of the baser sort' do the fighting. I believe that this Barrow belongs to the herd of swine spoken of in the Testament, of whom the devil took possession. Why don't he bristle up at the Yankees? Does he want to 'save his bacon' not'n he wants to save the South? If he does, he ought to be well smoked. He, too, is a 'cuss, and a cuss of cowardice'.

"Then there is the vigilance committee of Nashville, vigilant about what, I'd like to know? As 'vigilant as a cat to steal cream,' I guess, as the apostle Paul says in his sermon to Prince Hal. Why don't they shoulder their muskets and go out to fight the Yankees, instead of running off poor mechanics who have no friends? My friends, they are all cusses, and cusses of cowardice.

"My brethren and sisters, I'll tell you who are not cusses of cowardice. Myself, the author of Armageddon, and Dr. McFarrin, author of the Confederate Primer, and Dr. Summers, author of the Confederate Almanac, and Brother Houston, who is getting up a Confederate Bible. We are not cusses of cowardice. No, sirree!

"My brethren, just get the Almanac, and look for that Confederate 'eclipse of the sun,' and then get down Brother Mac's Primer, and read that heavenly little story about the 'Smart Dixie Boy,' and then buy a copy of my Armageddon, for one dollar and fifty cents, and you'll fight like—"

Enter messenger, wildly exclaiming:—"Fort Donelson's taken, and the Yankee gunboats are in sight!"

"Oh, Jerusalem, my brethren—oh, Jerusalem! Let us skeet-shoot!"

And they did, without waiting for a formal closing of the service.

DODGING THE MILITIA FINE.

In days gone by, when the objectionable military laws were in force in sober old Massachusetts, the customary draft was made in a country town a few miles from Boston, and a notice to appear 'armed and equipped according to law,' was left at the boarding-house of a wag, who had but little martial music in his soul. Determined that he would neither train nor pay a fine, and entertaining with a very indifferent opinion of the utility of the system, he took no notice of the summons.

Having been duly 'warned,' however, as he expected, at the expiration of a few weeks the sergeant waited upon him with a bill of nine shillings for non-attendance at the muster.

"You're fined, sir—nine shillings—for non-attendance."

"What is it?" said the wag, pretending to misunderstand the collector.

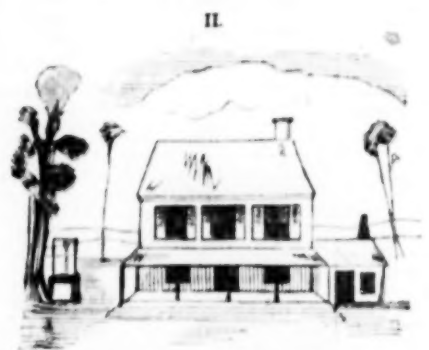
"A fine for not training," drawled the other.

"I shan't pay it, fellow."

"It will be three dollars, next time I call," said the sergeant.



FARMER MELLOWS MEDITATES, AND THINKS HE CAN KEEP A HOTEL.



ADVERTISE HIS LARGE AND COMMODIOUS COLONNADE HOUSE WITH EXTENSION.



WITH EXCELLENT SHADE TREES AND LARGE CLEAR LAKE.



WITH GOOD WATER AND BATHING CONVENIENCES.

But the wag couldn't hear a word he said, and in the course of another month he received a peremptory summons to appear forthwith at a court martial in the district, instituted for the purpose of trying delinquents and collecting such as could be scared out of the non-performers of duty.

At the appointed time he waited upon said court, which was held in an old country-house, where he found three or four persons seated, attired in flashy regimentals, and whose awful 'yaller' epaulettes were enough to command the attention and profound respect of the beholder.

Though somewhat disconcerted at this exhibition of spurs and buttons, he put a bold face on the matter, and responding to the directions of the junior member of the august court, he advanced to the table, and the chief functionary commenced the examination:—

"Your name, sir."

The offender placed his hand quickly on his ear, without uttering a word or moving a muscle of his face.

"What is your name?" repeated the questioner in a louder tone.

"A little louder," said the Judge.

"Name?" shouted the wag.

"Taunton, Bristol county."

"What business do you follow?"

"Main street," said the delinquent.

"Your business?" yelled the officer.

"Right hand side as you go up."

"How long have you been there?"

"About two miles and a half."

"How old are you, fellow?" continued the Judge, nervously.

"Boss carpenter."

"What the devil is the matter with your ears?"

"Dr. Scarpie's oil, sometimes."

"What, sir?"

"Sometimes, Coren's ointment."

"Why don't you answer me?"

"Nearly five years."

"He's deaf as an adder," remarked the Judge, turning to his subordinate; "clear the lubber out."

"You can go," said the under officer, pointing to the door. But our friend took no notice of the order.

"You may go," yelled the Judge. "Good God! is it possible that a man can be so deaf as all that?"

"I can't say," continued the delinquent, pretending not to understand, "but I should think—"

"Go-go!" screamed the Judge; "there's nothing to pay. The Lord pity the colonel who has a regiment like you to command. Show him the door, Major."

Our friend was never again summoned to train during his residence in Taunton.

HIS LAST WORDS.

It has long been observed by medical writers, that death is frequently preceded by insanity. This reminds us of a case which occurred many years ago in a Philadelphia court, where a pretty young widow was in danger of losing two-thirds of her husband's estate; his relations grounded their claim on the alleged insanity of the defendant. It may be well to premise that the presiding Judge was not only convivial, but also glib.

"What were your husband's last words?" inquired the attorney.

The pretty young widow blushed, and looking down, replied:—

"I'd rather not tell."

"But, indeed, you must, ma'am. Your claim must be decided by it."

Still the widow declined to tell.

At last a direct appeal from the bench elicited the information.

"He said kiss me, Polly, and open that other bottle of champagne."

We do not know whether it was admiration for the deceased husband or the living wife that inspired the Judge at that instant, but he at once cried, with all the enthusiasm of conviction—"Sensible to the last!" and gave a verdict in her favor at once.

EVER AND NEVER.—It is an anomaly to talk of "ever so many," "ever so much," instead of "never so many," etc. This is a modern corruption which does not occur in our Bible version. In the account of Dinah in the book of Genesis, the Prince says, "Ask of me never so much dowry, and I will give it," i. e., "ask me so much, as there never was so much asked before," but "ever so much" is quite an anomaly. If the word be used, the phrase should be "ever as much," not "ever so much."—Archbishop Whately.

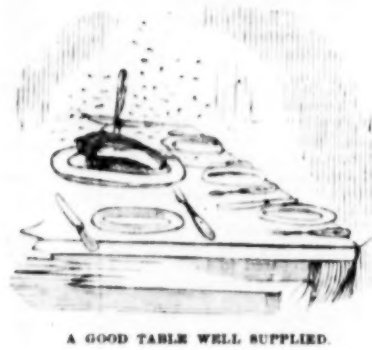
THE QUINCY WHIG denies, upon the authority of Maj. Stone, a prisoner with Gen. Prentiss, the report that Prentiss was horse-whipped by a rebel at Atlanta, Ga.

Balls in Paris now begin at 12 o'clock at night. The fashionables who frequent them go to bed and have a long sleep before going out at midnight.

A public speaker should never lose sight of the thread of his discourse; like a busy needle, he should always have the thread in his eye.



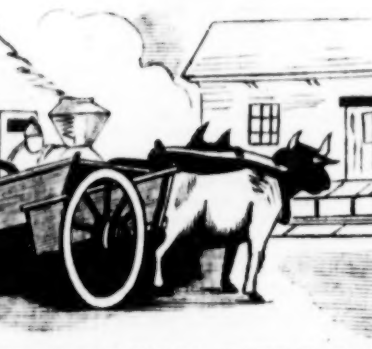
WITH RIDING AND SAILING FACILITIES.



A GOOD TABLE WELL SUPPLIED.



IN A CHOICE NEIGHBORHOOD.



WITH CONVEYANCES IN WAITING. FARMER MELLOWS WONDERS WHY HIS VISITORS GENERALLY STAYED ONLY ONE DAY.

THE WEDDING GOWN.—"After all," says a modern writer, "there is something about a wedding gown prettier than any other gown in the world!" All the girls will agree to that. In fact, lots of 'em marry just for the sake of the new "togger." To them the bridal is more attractive than the bridegroom, the milliner more interesting than the minister. Men, however, take more substantial views of things, and would prefer to wed a downright pretty girl "without a rag" rather than an ugly woman with as many gowns as the executor found in the Queen Elizabeth's wardrobe! That's the difference.—Exchange Paper.

Agricultural.

THE PEA BUG.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

"Here it is—pea time again, and not one pea that is fit to eat. Them nasty, stinging things have stung our peas full. Why, don't you think, John won't eat one of them; he says—'The peas have got maggots in 'em.' And so they have. Why, I can't find scarcely a pea but that has been stung, and inside of it is a little yellow worm. That's what John calls 'maggots.' I do wish I knew what it is that stings the peas so every year. I am such a dear lover of peas, and to have them growing in one's own garden—looking so nice—and can't eat them, is really too bad."

Such was the complaining language of one of our gossiping country ladies, a few days ago. And now, through your columns, permit me to answer her question, and also to furnish her with a remedy, which, if applied, certainly will diminish the quantity of "nasty stinging things," and also furnish John some peas without "maggots."

In the first place let me say that your peas have not been stung. "Them nasty, stinging things" are nothing more than a small, grayish-colored beetle, commonly called the pea bug, and is utterly incapable of stinging—in fact they are not furnished with a sting at all, and they are the self-same "maggot" (that John wouldn't eat) matured, and has remained in the pea from "pea-time" last year until planting time this year, and how much longer I know not; and it is this same bug that "stings" your peas now, which it does by depositing its eggs—or rather nits—on the outside of the pea pod.

The nits are glued fast to the outside of the pod by means of a glutinous substance that nature provides the bug with for the occasion. These nits are plainly visible with the naked eye; and if you carefully observe the outside of the pea pod you will readily perceive the nits, which are of a yellow cast. Open the pod before the nit has hatched, and hold the half containing the nit, up between you and the sun, with the outside towards the sun, and you will see that the nit is on the outside of the pod. After the nit has been deposited on the pod a sufficient length of time, a small "maggot" is formed of a yellow color (excepting the head, which is black). This maggot immediately commences its career by cutting its way through the side of the pod on which it was deposited towards the interior, and then enters the pea where it remains a "maggot" for some months; then it changes and becomes a bug, cuts its way out of the pea, and is then ready to "sting" your peas again. And now, friend gossip, before planting your peas next spring, take boiling water and pour it over your seed peas, allowing them to remain in it but a few seconds. This will kill "them nasty stinging things," and your peas will not be troubled with "maggots" unless some of your neighbors have planted peas near by without first scalding them, or maybe some of the bugs were so deep in the interior of the peas that the hot water could not reach them sufficiently to kill them. If so, be assured they will in due time find their way out, and your peas will receive some "stinging," and there will be some "maggots," yet not enough to hinder John from eating them—the peas I mean. And now, friendly gossip, try the remedy, it is an old one in these parts, and good-bye to you for this time.

Humbly yours, JIM FIZLER.

THE CHECK-REIN.

Who beside the British use the check-rein, saving their general imitators, the Americans? The French do not use it, the Germans do not, the Indians and Spaniards of South America, who literally live on horseback and are perfect horsemen, do not, nor do the Turks. The most observant and most natural people in the world are free from this error. It is strange to us that the English and ourselves did not, years and years ago, reason upon the constantly-witnessed fact that when a check-rein was looked at in a tavern-stoop or in a stable, the poor horse always stretched out his neck and hung down his head. That was his language for saying that he was heartily glad to be relieved from it. The genius that first proposed the mechanical feat of lifting himself up by the breeches, must have been the author of the theory that the check-rein held the horse up and kept him from falling. The mechanical action in the two cases must be precisely the same. If the reader will reflect for a moment, he will see that no suspending power can be derived, except from without the animal. The check-rein should be abolished. It wastes motive power. Its use is unhealthy, for it disturbs the otherwise naturally and equally distributed vital motive forces. It shortens the life of the horse. It diminishes his speed and lessens the free and quick action so essential to the animal's safety and that of his driver.

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.

The following are the times and places of holding the National, Provincial and State Agricultural exhibitions, as far as they have been announced:—

NATIONAL.	
Great Nat. Horse Fair, Wimpole, Pa.,	Sept. 1—18
Am. Pomological Soc., Boston,	" 2—5
NEW ENGLAND AND NEW YORK STATE FAIRS.	
Vermont, Rutland,	Sept. 9—12
Connecticut, Hartford,	Oct. 7—10
New Hampshire, will hold none.	
New York, Rochester, Sep. 30 to Oct. 4.	
OTHER STATE AND PROVINCIAL FAIRS.	
Wisconsin, Milwaukee, Sept. 8—12	
Ohio, Cleveland, " 16—20	
Kentucky, Louisville, " 16—20	
Canada West, Sherbrooke, " 17—19	
Michigan, Detroit, " 22—26	
Indiana, Indianapolis, Sept. 29 to Oct. 4	
Illinois, Peoria, " 29 " 4	
Do. Fort. Soc., Chicago, " 8—13	
Iowa, Dubuque, " 30 " 4	
New Jersey, Newark, " 30 " 4	
Pennsylvania, Norristown, " 30 " 4	

THE SCOTCH SYSTEM OF GROWING CELERY.—The following quotation from a late article by Mr. Cuthill, of Camberwell, in a contemporary, is worth the consideration of those who are limited for space—"To grow a large number of celery on a small piece of ground, I have, in the large families I have lived in, always grown my celery on the Scotch system—that is, a bed dug one spit or more deep, and banked up on either side five feet broad, then six inches of rich manure spread on the bed, trodden hard and dug in. Plant the rows crossways, six or eight plants in the row; then for the next row four or five inches from the last, and so on. The celery does not grow so large as in single rows, but this plan has every other advantage—economy of ground, watering, moulching with a board on each side of the row, winter covering, digging up in severe frosts, &c. I look upon a large head of celery as I do upon blanching asparagus, long cucumbers, and the like, they go to the pigs."

A HAT AND A HORSE.—If caught in a shower and you get your hat wet, brush it before it is dry. And so of the horse. When he comes in, wet with perspiration, smooth his hair with a coarse brush—a common broom is better than nothing—in the direction you wish it to lie when he is dry. The animal will feel better, and it will be only half the trouble to clean him the next time he needs it. Mr. S. will be kind enough to try this on his new "beaver," (made of silk, perhaps cotton, now,) and Mr. W. on his four-year-old dapple gray colt.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 4, 11, 2, 13, is an article of domestic use.
My 10, 3, 6, is a kind of grain.
My 10, 1, 12, is what the rebels often do.
My 8, 11, 2, 3, 3, is the name of a girl.
My 9, 10, 6, 4, 12, is a color.
My 7, 1, 9, 11, 10, is also a domestic article.
My 2, 6, 8, 13, is a conjunction.
My 9, 2, 11, 5, 8, is an article of great use.
My 2, 6, 13, is also a conjunction.
My 13, 6, 13, is a number.
My 13, 6, 11, is a beverage.
My 1, 10, 12, is an ornament.
My 2, 6, 11, 10, is an adjective.
My 8, 2, 11, 13, 6, is much used in building.
My 2, 6, 8, 4, is an adverb of degree.
My whole is the name of a brave General in the Union army.

RIDDLE.

To master and miss I'm a source of delight,
Who oft lend their aid to assist me in flight;
I've a body and wings, but so useless are they,
That I scarcely a moment upborne on them stay;
To ascend of myself they can never prevail,
So I must be compelled by a blow on my tail.
To punish my idleness, often a pair
Amuse them by forcing me into the air;
Yet in spite of their blow, I as quickly descend,
But not on my head!—no, I fall on my end.

RIDDLE.

If anything you want to buy,
Say how you wish to get it;
Transpose it, and you may rely
A pleasant fruit you will devour,
And when you find it, eat it.

ANAGRAMS OF MALE NAMES.

Larches.	Ma, I will.
Hot Sam.	Lame Sa.
Than John.	Lace him.
Am sober.	Brain.
Red barn.	Sinned.
Nave.	And find her.
But her.	Old Pole.
Or live.	Hen step.
Widen.	

MENSURATION PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Three poles of various elevations and length are standing up perpendicular (in respect to level) on the side of a regular rising hill, in straight line up the hill. The first and lowest standing pole is 57.15 feet in length; and if a person who carries his eyes 5 feet 9 inches from the ground whereon he stands goes from the foot of the first and nearest pole, 477 1/2 feet further down the hill, then there the tops of all the three poles will appear to him of equal height. (That is to say, their tops will there appear to him all five terminating in the same elevation of sight.) From the top of this nearest pole is a tight rope tied over across to the second and third higher rising poles, on a horizontal level; thus making all three poles at a right angle, and the two higher ones some distance down from their tops. Now, from the place where this rope is tied on to the third and highest pole to the top of the middle pole and thence down the same to where the rope crosses this middle pole is found to be 54 feet. From this place, where this rope crosses and is tied to this middle pole, along the rope and level, over to the top of the first, lowest pole, the rope is tied to the top of this middle pole is 96 feet. And from the top of this middle pole down the pole to its base, where the rope is tied to the pole, is 43 feet. With these several given measures, it is presumed the length of each of the further poles can be found by the able mathematicians; and the height of the perpendicular elevation of the third and outer pole from the level of the observer's feet, as also, the distance from the eye of the observer to the top of this third or outer pole. Will any one try it?

DANIEL DIEFENBACH.

Kraterville, Snyder Co., Pa.

An answer is requested.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are two towers standing on a horizontal plane, and 300 feet apart from each other; the higher tower is 160 feet high, and the lower tower is 120 feet high. A heavy, flexible, inextensible chain, of uniform density, being fastened by its ends to the tops of the towers, and left to itself to hang freely down between them, was found to just touch the level plane between the towers. Required—the nature of the curve the chain formed itself into, and the length of the chain?

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

An answer is requested.

DIOPHANTINE PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

It is required to find two cube numbers, either whole or fractional, other than 8 and 27, whose sum shall be 35? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pennsylvania.

An answer is requested.

CONTEHRUMS.

Which letter do naturalists admire?—B (the Bee).

Which prelates the churchyard?—A (the Yew).

Why does L. embrace so many, that occupies half of a whole district?—Ans.—Because it is half a hundred.

Which letter takes up more than half the world?—Ans.—C (Sea).

Which letter speaks of long duration?—Ans.—A (Aye).

Which of the feathered tribes lifts up the heaviest weight?—Ans.—The Crane.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

MYTHOLOGICAL ENIGMA.—Frederick by Alexander Von Humboldt. RIDDLE.—ANAGRAMS.—Sweetheart, Parisian, England, Impatient, Astronomers, Philadelphia, Catalogue, Parisian, Philadelphia, Telegraphs, Matrimony, Melodrama, BLEM.—23 and 7.